

C. L. F. Hager
THE

N E G R O

EQUALLED BY FEW

E U R O P E A N S.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

V O L. II.

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THE
N E G R O
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LITTLE as it will be expected, I had resolved, from the moment my recollection returned, to submit myself with the other negroes to the usual labour of the plantation; rather than hurry, to any further excess, the son of M. de C——, the brother of *Honoria*.

I suffered myself, then, to be conducted to the habitation (1) of my unfortunate countrymen. They were slaves,

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but

but they had feeling minds ; and their humanity was a striking contrast to the scene which had lately passed in the apartment of the overseer. They surrounded me ; they endeavoured to console me. They had seen me in an enviable situation, compared with their condition. They did not exult at the stroke which had reduced me to their own level. They thought only of my wretchedness.

Oh good negro ! said they to me, good negro ! you gave us comfort when you were fortunate : do not be unhappy now. We will labour for you. You will be no longer rich as we have seen you ; but every day you shall have an hundred hands to dry up your tears.

Till this moment, the remains of rage had restrained those tears. They
now

now flowed abundantly ; and the kindest affection was the sole cause of them. One of these poor people threw himself on my neck. Is it thus that Europeans treat you ? said he. You, their saviour ! I recognized him to be one of those whom I had seen on board of *Urban's* vessel. He had recollected me on my first appearance at the plantation ; and had recounted our adventure to his fellow sufferers. Do not afflict him, cried several voices, with the remembrance of what is past. He then did no more than his duty. We will not the less commiserate his present griefs. Thus passed the night. They feared to take any repose. They dreaded to deliver me alone to preying reflections. They were each emulous to present to me the best of the poor refreshments they had. They wished to know what had befallen me since my

arrival at the island. They entered with enthusiasm into all my feelings.

At length, day appeared. This night, which I had found rather soothing than terrifying by the sensibility of my good countrymen : this night glided away as a dream. When the hour of labour approached, the commander said sorrowfully to me, my friend you must change these cloaths for others more suitable to the work you must perform. You will leave me the hanger ? I replied hastily. Well, said he, whatever be the consequence I will not take it away ; and if ever I raise my hand against you, let me be the first victim of it. The negroes assembled ; and we marched to the work of the day.

I expected the unworthy overseer would come to enjoy his triumph ; and
contem-

contemplate me in a state of humiliation. I was deceived. Neither he nor his protector appeared. They were occupied with a scene more agreeable to their raging passions. I thank thee, Oh Heaven, for my profound ignorance of actions which passed almost under my eyes. Great God ! to what excess had my fury arisen, had I then penetrated into this frightful mystery !

I passed this day without pain, new as my occupation was. At night, I was led back with the other negroes to their dwelling, and soon fell into a deep sleep, from which I was awakened by the equerry. I have escaped, said he, to bid you farewell. We depart for the city, by day-break. I will snatch the first opportunity to inform *Honoria* of what has passed. Rely on my zeal ; and do not afflict yourself. Your ene-

mies have paid no more regard to your effects than to yourself. I found an opportunity to conceal some of *Ferdinand's* letters. Those will console you. I am ignorant of what happened yesterday ; but it must be something extraordinary, for we were all kept at a distance from the house ; except *Theodore's* great Indian moor. He has a depraved heart, and I would not ask him any questions. I am weary of this life ; yet I support it out of respect to *Honoria*. But I may be discovered ; and must bid you adieu.

I had but just time to press his hand, for he fled without waiting for my thanks. I was charmed with the good disposition of this young man. *Theodore* had received from the hands of Fortune birth, riches, and all the exterior graces of person. Compare him
with

with this poor Frenchman, confined to a condition so little worthy of him. Where is the honest man who would not rather be the servant than the master? Of little value, then, are brilliant possessions when they serve only to increase the depravity of their proud possessors.

I remained eight and forty hours without hearing any thing further. The overseer had not come to view the labour of the negroes : a circumstance which, till then, had never happened. I attributed this to his cowardice. He trembles to meet me, said I. He does not suspect that a man can forget an injury.

Among the letters of *Ferdinand*, I could not find that of *Honorio*. The loss grieved me. My tranquillity began

to leave me, notwithstanding the promises of *Honorio*, and the assurance of the equerry. The thought of escaping occurred; and I deliberated often concerning it. Do I not, said I, expose myself to every thing which the caprice, the vengeance of this overseer may inflict on me. Yet, I feel I cannot suffer myself to be stricken. The reflection made such an impression on my mind that my resolution was taken. It was evening; and I deferred my flight only for a few hours necessary repose.

My agitation subsided, and I slept calmly. About three, I was awakened by a voice, which said, *Itanoko* fly, or you are lost. It was my friend the equerry who spoke. I have brought you, continued he, some other cloaths, and a little money. Fly to *Honorio*. The least delay may be death.

In

In an instant I was on my feet, embraced him, and put on the dress he had brought. I thought, said he, while I was thus employed, that we had to deal with a mere debauchee: he is a monster! But you are ready: follow me; I will conduct you.

We went out, and were soon beyond the walls of the habitation. Know, said the equerry as we proceeded, that *Theodore* on reaching the city alighted at the house of *Urban*. I was with him. He sought to conceal his baseness under the appearance of honour. Aid me to avenge my injuries and your own, said he to *Urban*. My perfidious sister has betrayed your son; has condescended to an odious intrigue with a slave of my father. Come, and bathe your hands in the blood of this wretch. I charge myself with executing justice on a sister

who dishonours my name. He then presented a letter to him. I recognized the writing. It was that of *Honoria*.

Ah! cried I, that you could not save the letter which *Honoria* sent me. It must be that, I believe it; but hear me, said he. *Urban* looked on the billet with astonishment. How! cried he, *Itanoko*! Is he yet in this country! What shall I say to my son? No matter: you shall be revenged. I will myself drag him to justice. You may imagine, said my friend, how obscure this discourse must be to me. I am ignorant of all but your danger; which the horrible joy of *Theodore* too clearly pointed out. He embraced *Urban* with transport; and we have returned here without a moment's delay. *Urban* follows in a few hours. To increase the rage of *Theodore* the unfortunate

fortunate female has fled. While he abandons himself to despair, and the vile overseer endures the first effects of his frenzy, I have flown to you: and, thank God! I have saved you.

“ I see the danger. *Theodore* has maliciously interpreted some expressions in the letter of *Honoria* that result from the friendship with which she honours me. Unworthy as he is, must he, to destroy me, outrage the reputation of his sister. But why? What have I done to him? And the discourse of *Urban*: to what can that relate? Yet, it is of no moment: at present, I feel only your generous protection. May God recompense you!”

——“ But see, that is your way. Adieu! Press forward. I return; and will mislead *Theodore* as to your route, should he attempt to pursue you.”——“ But have you no fears for yourself?”——“ I

have done my duty. Let him know it; this is the only lesson I can give him. Adieu! for the last time: already the day appears." He took my hand. I could scarcely say adieu, so much did his goodness overwhelm me.

I proceeded: but I was absorbed in reflections. The hatred of *Theodore*, however unjust, affected me less than that of *Urban*. This young man, said I, is corrupted by dissipation. I am a stranger to him; and perhaps I have, in some way, offended him: so little is necessary to inflame the passions of a man who is in the habit of yielding to them. But *Urban! Urban!* Ah God! cannot I be avenged of the monster?

Still I pressed forward. I had not yet left the desert plain which I must traverse to gain the inhabited cantons.

The

The dawn enabled me sufficiently to distinguish objects. Suddenly I heard some piercing cries, which proceeded from a part of the plain to the left of my road. I stood still. I listened. The cries became more vehement ; but I perceived no one. A ridge, which the sand had formed at a little distance from me, hid that part of the plain. Humanity closed my eyes on the danger which I ran by turning aside. I spring like an arrow towards the place. In a minute I am on the other side of the ridge. I see a man on horseback closely pressed by two negroes, who attack him with fury. I run to his aid. When I am about twenty feet from them, I see—Oh heavens ! I see *Urban* ! the detested *Urban*, ready to sink beneath the fury of the negroes. What a moment for a man avidious of vengeance ! I stood still. Let him perish,

rish, said I. A thirst for my blood has brought him hither. But he is the father of *Ferdinand*. It struck into my mind like lightning. I rush upon the negroes. Fly, wretches! I cry with eagerness. They see me. Terror seizes them; and they instantly take to flight.

Take courage, said I to *Urban*. I see the blood pouring from various parts of him. He fixes his eyes on me, and falls. I have but just time to receive him in my arms.

Alas! such was my heart, at this sight pity subdued every particle of my resentment. He had received, among others, a deep wound on his side; but his fainting had staid the blood. The equerry had put a small flask of brandy in my pocket; I tore a handkerchief
which

which I had, and wetting part of it with the brandy, placed it on his wound ; the rest of the liquor I poured into his mouth, and soon he opened his eyes.

When I imagined he was sufficiently strong to support the effort, I said to him : rise, remount your horse, I will conduct you. I felt that already I had done too much for prudence, but enough for my heart. I placed him on his horse, took the bridle, and proceeded toward the plantation ; we were about a league distant from it. During the whole way *Urban* did not speak. Was this shame ? Was it hatred ? Was it repentance ? I could not tell. Some sighs escaped him ; but that was all.

When I perceived the plantation so near as to place me in immediate danger,

ger, I said to him : I hope you have sufficient strength to reach the dwelling. You shall not see *Itanoko* there. He spares you that shame. Adieu ! I turned round, and ran to regain my former route.

Heaven regarded this little effort of my virtue, and instantly marked it by a decided recompense. *Theodore* had discovered my departure ; and, presuming that I fled toward *Honoria*, had dispatched five of his vile agents after me, who would infallibly have overtaken me, had I not turned aside to the succour of *Urban*. Missing me, they concluded I had taken another route, and turned back while I was yet assisting *Urban* : so that, on my regaining my road, instead of their pursuing my tract, I was treading that which they had just left.

In

In the wounds which *Urban* had just received, he met with part of that punishment which his bad faith and avarice so justly merited. In one of his voyages to the coast of Guinea, he had surpris'd two negroes sleeping, and had made himself master of their persons. On his return, he had sold them to an inhabitant of St. Domingo. Discontented with their new master, and burning with revenge against *Urban*, they had deserted and fled into the mountains of which I have spoken. They sometimes left their retreat to receive some poor provisions which were secretly given them by negroes of neighbouring plantations. It was in one of these excursions that these very negroes met with *Urban*. His sight recalled the remembrance of his perfidy, rendered more odious by the hardships they endured. They rushed suddenly
upon

upon him, and without my unlooked for appearance, they had completed their work of vengeance.

Naturally agile, and pressed by the fear of being pursued, I hurried on, and arrived early at the city. My presence, the condition in which I was, and the terror of my countenance, alarmed *Honoria*. Oh God! said she, what brings you here? Do you come to meet your ruin? I could no longer hesitate. Notwithstanding the pain which my narrative must give her, I related, without reserve, all that had passed. She heard me with astonishment, with dread, with pity. She could only say, My brother! Who! my brother! Silence followed, and she seemed confounded by the sentiments which crowded upon her. Then suddenly she cried, *Itanoko*, by the friendship

ship which you owe me, for ever conceal this fatal tale from *Ferdinand*. Do not expose me to the anguish of seeing a lover avenge himself and me on this brother. Conceal it too from my father. Alas ! he has but a few days to live. He has opened his eyes on the disorders of his son, which cut short his remaining days. He dies with remorse for the share he has in them.

Tears came to her relief. Unhappy, indeed, was the situation of this virtuous woman. Far distant from her lover ; on the eve of losing a tender father ; of falling into the hands of a brother, whose frightful villany was now fully unveiled to her ! How could she look on the future ? To what could she say it would lead ?

And you, said she, what will become of you ! Where shall we now
conceal

conceal you? Can I not, said I, remain here, protected by your presence? No, unfortunate *Itanoko*. No: said she, you cannot. I should probably have the grief of seeing you conducted to punishment, from which neither your own innocence, nor my credit, could possibly save you. What do you tell me! cried I. Alas! answered she, I did not imagine I should be yet compelled to reveal this fatal secret; but it can be no longer concealed. Listen, and tremble.

You recollect the day in which *Ferdinand*, for your and my misery, was compelled to leave us. You came to see me, after bidding adieu to him, and spoke of the visit which *Urban* had made to the Spanish captain. That visit did not alarm you. I judged very differently, and instantly perceived the designs of *Urban*. You will recollect
also

also, that two days only intervened between this visit and the morning, in which *Duménil* conducted you from *Urban's* house. You know what has followed. Now hear that which has yet been hidden from you. Scarcely had you left me, when I paid a visit to the Spanish consul, with whom we were intimate. I explained the reasons of my visit; and, according to what you had told me, described the vessel to him; so that he could not mistake it. He promised not only to inform himself if the Spanish captain had bought you from *Urban*, but also to exert his influence with the captain to induce him to desist from a measure which would so greatly afflict me. Contented with these assurances, I retired to wait for the result of his enquiry.

On

On the morning of the second day I received a letter from the consul : here it is, I will read it to you.

“ Madam,

“ You have perfectly penetrated into the intentions of M. *Urban* : in fact, he did sell the slave, in whose behalf you interest yourself, to *Alonzo Texeira*. The price, according to a verbal agreement between them, was to be four thousand francs. I explained myself to my countryman ; and, as soon as he was informed of your motives, he resolved to finish his bargain, and afterwards to leave you to dispose, at your pleasure, of this slave, rendered precious by the price which was placed on him, and still more by the respect with which you honour him. But judge of the surprise and indignation of *Texeira*. He presented himself, last night,

night, to M. *Urban*, to pay the money and take away the slave. He received no other answer from M. *Urban*, but that he had found a better price; and that the agreement, not being in writing, passed for nothing in his eyes. *Texeira* withdrew, confounded to find himself the dupe of this man: but still more hurt, I believe, at losing the occasion of serving you. As to myself, madam, I am sufficiently chagrined in see myself unable to oblige you, and in finding myself opposed in the sentiments of devotion with which I am,

“ Madam, your, &c.

“ JAGO DE ZUNIGA.”

You will conceive, said *Honorio*, the vexation which this letter gave me. The thread of the intrigue had escaped me: where should I again find it? My uneasiness was so much greater, as
the

the answer of *Urban* to *Texeira* seemed to announce that a second bargain was concluded. I consulted my father : all his experience was insufficient to furnish me with any advice which I could reasonably adopt.

I was yet in this incertitude, when, the next day about noon, being in my balcony, I perceived *Duménil*. He had been long my father's friend ; was a worthy man ; and, by his condition, possessed great commercial connections. I was instantly seized with a desire of making my embarrassment known to him. I beckoned him ; he entered the house ; I ran to meet him, and informed him of the whole affair. The moment I mentioned *Urban*, he hastily demanded your name. *Itanoko*, said I. " Be satisfied, then ; he is at my house."—" At your house ! By what chance ?"

chance?"—"I will tell you. A broker, one of my particular friends, fell sick, and requested to see me. I attended him; and he informed me, that a stranger, who had arrived at the port a few days since, was bargaining with *Urban* for a slave called *Itanoko*; that he was charged with the negociation, and had an order from the stranger to agree to any price which should be demanded; that he had seen *Urban*, and at once had offered him four thousand francs, which he refused, because he had already been offered that sum; and that, after some conversation, they finally agreed for five thousand francs. My friend then shewed the agreement signed by *Urban*. To-morrow morning, continued he, the slave is to be delivered to me; but, as I am indisposed, I must beg you to take my place. Here are five draughts of an

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hundred pistoles each, with which you will terminate the affair. You will also have the goodness to keep the slave with you till evening, and if possible avoid *Urban's* knowing where you take him : for such is the request of his new master. I accepted the commission, this morning executed it ; and have just left *Itanoko*, who has no suspicion of what has passed, or what further awaits him."

You do not know this stranger then ? said I to *Duménil*. No : answered he. Indeed he seems to have a wish to be concealed, and perhaps it might be indelicate to attempt to penetrate further into the matter. But whoever he is, the price which he has given for this slave should announce him to be rich ; and he can scarcely be expected to relinquish his purchase. How then, said I, how

I, how shall I act? *Ferdinand* will be inconsolable; and the poor *Itanoko*—affuredly it will be his death. I then recounted to him, in few words, the manner in which you had been enslaved, and the service you had rendered *Urban*, in return for his perfidy.

I see but one way, said he. I should refrain from proposing it, if I had less knowledge of your discretion; and the means are dangerous for *Itanoko*, if he does not consent to conceal himself for some time. I will answer, said I, that in the name of *Ferdinand* I can impose any conditions on him. Then, replied *Duménil*, the only resource is to declare that he has escaped and deserted. You will perceive, that I cannot prevent my friend from making his deposition before a judge; and hence the

danger of *Itanoko*. We will wait the departure of this stranger, to inform my friend of the truth. When he knows the motive on which we have acted, I am persuaded he will withdraw his complaint from the court of justice, as he will see that it is void.

Ah! you restore me to life, cried I. There is yet another difficulty, returned *Duménil*. My reputation must be preserved free from the shade of suspicion. The money which I paid to *Urban* for *Itanoko*, was received from this stranger: we cannot, in honour—I understand you, said my father, who was present at this conversation, I will bring you the five thousand francs, and you will return it to your friend, who will reimburse the stranger. After that, said *Dumenil*, I think there can be no further objection. God will
pardon

pardon a little treachery *, which has no design but to save an unfortunate being from chains; and to preserve him for all the happiness which friendship has in store for him.

Duménil quitted us to put this project in execution. You will now see in what situation things were, when we sent you to the plantation; which we then concealed from you, lest your indignation, on learning the conduct of *Urban*, should produce such violence as to betray you; and defeat the success of all our wishes for your safety.

Urban designed to sell you to the Spaniard, and had actually sold you

* No! never can treachery be pardoned, under whatever circumstances, or with whatever design, committed. T.

to the stranger, with the certainty of your not remaining at St. Domingo; that you might not have an opportunity to inform his son of the baseness of this vile action; and he now firmly persuaded himself that you were gone, never more to return to this coast. But an excuse must be made to his son for your absence; the depravity of his heart did not fail to furnish him with it. *Duménil*, anxious to shorten your exile, did not lose sight of his friend; and, about eight days after, was informed that the stranger had suddenly departed, hurried away by some accident, which no one could explain. Informed of this, I engaged *Duménil* to bring his friend to dine with my father. We discovered the artifice to him; he was good enough to admit of our motives as an excuse for our conduct. After dinner, they went to the judge to withdraw

the information against you. He consented; but said, this step will be of little use to the unfortunate slave; for, at the request of *M. Urban*, I have condemned him for contumacy; as the time allowed for his return is expired. They were petrified with astonishment. Probably, said the judge, *M. Urban* has afterwards bought this slave, and that he has also fled from him; for his information is posterior to yours; or, which seems more likely, there may be two slaves of the same name. However, I have only discharged my duty. You know I am obliged to take the information of the person who calls himself the master of the slave.

Duménil returned with an account of this new misfortune. My only resource was to inform *Ferdinand* of all that had happened. It was four months before

I received his answer; and, you will imagine my distress during that period. Each minute I trembled, lest I should see you dragged to the death which my fatal friendship had prepared for you; for, notwithstanding the kind of desert in which you was confined, you might be discovered: then how should we be able to prove that you had not deserted from *Urban*. His acquittal for the five thousand francs had been immediately sent by *Duménil* to his friend, and by him to the stranger; nor had they thought of withdrawing it, when he was reimbursed. Thus, there was no solid proof of your innocence, but the testimony of *Duménil*, who was alone when he received you from the hands of *Urban*; but, by our laws, this testimony is insufficient to acquit a slave so situated. The letters of *Ferdinand*, it is true, had unfolded *Urban's* conduct; but

but his presence alone could compel him to do you justice. He informed me that, by examining the dates, he perceived that *Urban* had written to him of your pretended flight, on the day in which he sold you. Undoubtedly he gave *Ferdinand* this false intelligence, hoping he should never see you again; and when he made the deposition with the judge, respecting your pretended flight, we can scarcely suspect him of the black design of destroying you.

Ferdinand conjures me, by all that is sacred, still to preserve you. But what can be done, now that you are at the mercy of *Urban*? Will he not sacrifice you, rather than avow to his son, and to the courts of justice, the baseness of his conduct. Alas! I—I alone have placed you in his power. Inevitable seems your ruin: as inevitable is mine.

C 5

Ah!

Ah: said I, these reproaches with which your virtue oppresses you, are honourable and flattering to me; yet do not regret the ill success of your precautions. Without those, I should have had but a feeble idea of the extent of your goodness. But this is the moment for courage. A resolution must be taken, and it must be prompt. If *Urban* dies, will he have time to recal his imposture? If he lives, will he have the generosity to do it? In either case, the crisis is alarming. I see but one way to escape; to embark instantly for Europe, and join *Ferdinand*.

That may be practicable, said *Honorina*. Vessels sail daily. But pardon my feelings: the money that was restored to the stranger was my father's; and I think we should abuse his confidence,

dence, if we take any resolution without consulting him. Alas ! replied I, how shall we discover this embarrassment, without displaying all the depravity of his son ! I cannot consent to it.

We were both silent. I have yet the means, cried I, swiftly recollecting myself. I quit you but for a moment. I will return with money to reimburse your father. Without explanation, without a word, I left the house, and flew to father *Bruno*.

It was nearly six months since I had seen him ; that is to say, since the departure of *Ferdinand*. During this interval I had written often to him. My letters, which spoke only of the goodness of *Honorio* and her father, persuaded him that I was far removed from all care, under their protection.

The old man was delighted to see me ; but his joy was soon changed to sorrow, when I recounted to him what had lately happened to me, and all that I had learned from *Honorin*. Finally, I informed him of my design to join *Ferdinand* ; and, having spoken of the impossibility of doing that without repaying M. de C——, I requested him to give me the two thousand crowns which my dear *Ferdinand* had deposited in his hands, for any such extremity.

Bruno fell at my feet without sensation. Oh heavens ! Oh my friend ! Oh my father ! cried I, with wild distraction. I threw myself upon him. I embraced him ; wept over him ; raised him in my arms ; and placed him on his bed. He was long without uttering a word. He took my hands and
bathed

bathed them with his tears ; then raised his arms, his eyes, toward heaven. I stood amazed with conjecture.

“ Oh God ! thou who knowest my heart, oh pardon me ! Ah, my dear *Itanoko*, fly me ; fly from a criminal man.”—“ Criminal !”—“ Desperately criminal. My friend, I have betrayed the confidence of *Ferdinand* ! your confidence ! I have violated the sanctity of a deposit. I have disregarded that which even depravity reveres as sacred. I had this money : I have it no longer.”—“ Well ! do I not know the uprightness of your mind ? Whence spring these reproaches ? This gold was *Ferdinand*’s : it was mine : it was yours. You have made some happy use of it. Let us thank the mercy of God, who has made you the instrument of his compassion ?”

Alas !

Alas ! said the poor old man, in this light did I view the action ; but falsely did I see it. The single, the only virtue was faithfully to have preserved the deposit. However noble the application of it in other circumstances, it was no less a crime, resulting as it did from the violation of my faith. Can the best feelings of the mind be permitted to open the gates of injustice ? I did not then feel the truth ; but now it presses on me with unresisted violence.

And if you have erred, said I, folding him in my arms, will not your unfeigned, your unconstrained repentance, efface this momentary wandering ? Ah ! answered he, every thing which could tempt the feelings of a humane mind seemed to unite in leading me astray and drawing me into this snare.

snare. You know my sedentary life. The duties of my calling, and study, form my whole employ. If I need relaxation from these studies, I visit the prisons; listen to the unfortunate; console their minds; and, by this innocent pleasure, soften the austerity of my life. Some months since—(it was, if I remember right, a few days after the first letter which acquainted me with your peaceful retreat at the plantations of M. de C——) I say, it is some months since that I one day as usual entered the prison. I remarked a negro whom I had not seen there before. I accosted him; and, being somewhat at a loss to explain the motive which led me to speak to him, I asked him with an air of indifference the name of his master. I have no master, he answered with a haughty tone. I know of none, but friends and enemies. The
 reply]

reply excited my curiosity. Have you been long in St. Domingo ? said I.—
 “ No.”——“ You speak French fluently. Did you learn it in France ?”——
 “ No.”——“ What has brought you into prison ?”——“ Injustice.”

Astonished with his laconic answers, and wishing to lead him to a further conversation, I said to him, your replies are very abrupt ! It is kindness alone which induces me to speak to you : (he looked at me with a disdainful smile) and you ought to be a little polite.”——“ That is what I am not willing to be.”——“ But why ?”——
 “ Because I do not wish to be barbarous.”——“ The consequence is not just.”——“ Extremely just. There are none so polite as white people.”

I knew not what to answer. At length, again I said ; what have you
 done

done to bring you to prison?—" My duty."—" Then you must soon leave it."—" I know not."—" Have you not been told what will be your fate?"—" Suppose so?"—" Then what is it?"—" Death."

He quitted me, and retired to the further part of the prison. Respect restrained me from intruding further upon him at that time ; but his figure, a certain elevation in his manners ; and the singular turn of his conversation, interested me strongly. Without losing sight of him, I mingled with the other negro prisoners. The affection with which they carested me, the gratitude they expressed for the trifling services which I had rendered them, placed a scene before his eyes which he did not expect. It seemed at once to extinguish the effects of prejudice in him. I
saw

saw him make a movement as if to approach me ; but, as I judged it the best means of increasing this desire of confidence, I passed and went out without seeming to notice him.

The keeper of the prison could give me no further information than that he had violently ill treated a young man of distinction : and that you know, said he, is a capital offence in a negro. The next day I went again to visit him. I had not deceived myself ; he was the first to accost me. If you are not offended, said he, I wish to converse with you.—“ I am not easily offended with the unfortunate. I pity them.”—“ Yesterday, I took you for a European. To-day, I consider you as a man : for they tell me you are good.”——“ It is my duty to render services to others ; and now, that you know me, say, what is
your

your crime? and what can I do for you?"—"My crime! I have not committed any. I accompanied a friend to this island. He is also a white man; and, like you, he is good. I will not tell you the business which led us here. It is the secret of other men, and must remain sacred with me. My friend brought his daughter with him. She was oppressed with great sorrows; but it will be of no avail to speak of them. While her father pursued the object of his voyage I sought to amuse her; and, for that purpose, sometimes conducted her on shore: for we still made the ship our abode. I remarked that a young man regarded us with particular attention. I was no-way uneasy; for I was ignorant of your manners; and did not know that the attentions of a white man to a female were the symptoms of a crime. One day, we retired some-
what

what later than usual ; we were but a few paces from our canoe. This young man approached us ; and, taking my companion under his arm, offered to lead her away. She shrieked. What have you to do with this woman, said I ? Insolent rascal ! cried the European youth ; dare to come near me and I will crush you to pieces. Without attending to him, I advanced to deliver my companion. He retreated a step and raised his cane to strike me. I had despised his injurious language, but I could not bear this menace ; and, with a blow, laid him at my feet. I then proceeded with my companion towards our canoe. A number of people surrounded us ; some of them seized upon this terrified woman ; others, overpowered me with their united strength ; and dragged me to this horrible dwelling in which you
have

have found me. If what I have done is here called a crime you must have received other notions from nature than we have. I defended the daughter of my friend; I defended my title of man, which the threat of an equal dared to impeach : and my heart tells me that I have done right.”——“ Have you been faithful in your relation ? Have you told me the truth ? ”——“ I never speak falsely.”——“ But why has not your friend, the European, interfered in your behalf ? ”——“ He has departed, as I am informed.”——“ Departed without succouring, without seeing you ? This is not the conduct of an honest man.”——“ Forbear to accuse him. If he has done thus, it was because he was compelled to do so. I rely on his virtues : not on appearances.”

I could not but look on him with surprize and respect. Do you wonder

to

to find common sense in a negro? said he. Perhaps so; here you are surrounded with negroes, and no people know them less than you do. They tell me, notwithstanding, that you decide boldly on the character of negro nations. You must be infatuated: whoever thought of judging of a man who is free, by a slave?

You see, my dear *Itanoko*, here was a noble display of innocence, frankness, and simplicity. The number of my visits to this youth served to confirm my esteem for him. I saw his judge. He appeared to be informed of the truth. I plainly represented to him that this man had committed no crime; and that in condemning him he would condemn innocence. What would you have me do? said he. I am pressed by the law, all I can do is to delay the proceedings. Meanwhile, see his adversary.

versary. Let him desist from the prosecution, and I shall be eager to restore this unfortunate youth to his liberty. Who is the prosecutor? said I. A young man of vitiated manners, answered the judge; but of an esteemed family. It is *Theodore de C*——.

You will feel how the name afflicted me. My respect for *Honor**ia*, for her venerable father, increased my zeal to spare their family the shame of a crime with which *Theodore* would stain it. I visited him; saw him often; pressed him; but in vain. He was deaf to reason, humanity, religion.

These obstacles gave further energy to my resolution. I determined to inform *Honor**ia* and her father of the act of violence which *Theodore* had committed, at the hazard of all the uneasiness

ness it might cause them ; every consideration sinking, in my judgment, before the superior obligation of preventing a deed of injustice. I was about to execute this resolve when chance presented to me another mode which seemed to be infallible.

I went, one morning, to a notary of this city to receive a legacy which I was charged, by the will of a pious person, to distribute among the poor. A man entered ; and proposed, before me without ceremony, that the notary should lend *Theodore* a hundred and fifty louis's ; promising an interest which, to me, appeared enormous. The answer of the notary was short and honest. I make no usurious contracts ; said he. I have money, but it is the property of my clients, and I must not expose it to hazard ; nor can I contribute

bute to the excesses of a young man. The agent went out, offended; and, my business being finished, I also retired. The unfortunate negro in prison was ever before my eyes; and this struck me as a happy opportunity to obtain his release. *Theodore* cannot deny this favour to any one who will carry him the sum, thought I; but how to procure it? I revolved the matter long in my mind. At last, I suddenly started as from a dream. Ah! how simple am I! Have I not the two thousand crowns which *Ferdinand* left me. *Itanoko* is at present far from having any need of this sum. I have yet left, the only remains of my fortune, government security for ten thousand francs. My notary shall send this into France to be sold; and I will replace the money which I shall take from the deposit. I embraced the idea with joy.

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I saw

I saw only the good I was about to accomplish. The breach of confidence I was committing never once entered my mind. Observe how fatally we are deceived if we suffer the value of any object, however worthy, to allure us into the slightest iniquity in the means.

I returned to the notary; and, explaining my designs, I gave him an authority to sell my tenthousand francs; and executed a deed in his presence, by which I secured to *Ferdinand* the repayment of his money if I should die before I should receive the produce of my sale from France. Then, imagining myself free from all reproach, I flew to *Theodore*, with an hundred and fifty louis-d'ors.

You have need of money, said I to him; and, if you will grant the pardon
of

of a negro who has offended you, I will supply your necessity; without holding you indebted for the sum. The pardon of a negro! cried *Theodore*: I will give you the pardon of a thousand, to supply the present exigency. Depraved youth! (said I to myself; and scarcely could I refrain from speaking it aloud) do you give for money, what you have refused to the most sacred titles?

I took *Theodore* to the judge. He signed the negro's discharge. I delivered the money, flew to the prison, released my negro, embraced him, and gave him some pecuniary assistance. He quitted me; and I have never seen him since.

How does error blind us! No remorse, no alarms have succeeded this
D 2 action,

action, till the moment that terror, roused by your danger, has torn the bandage from my eyes.

Ah my friend, said I, where is the man, the friend of human nature, who dares to condemn you? That man, answered he vehemently, who placed between us shall see the précipice to which my treachery has exposed you. Justly would he say to me : you have saved a man from death ; he was innocent ; be that granted. But, look on your friend ; his dangers are not less ; his innocence is equal. If he perish, will it satisfy you to say that you could not foresee it ? The deposit appertained of right to him ; and does not the bare name of deposit recal to your mind that it was a resource designed for his unforeseen necessities ? Ah *Itanoko*, what could I answer to this ! Nothing

thing solid, I will own; said I, but who except myself has a right to complain of your conduct? and I, my dear father, I am proud of the use which you have made of this money. I employed much of the night in labouring to calm his mind; vainly: a pure mind knows not how to pardon itself the lightest faults.

He would have given me the remainder of the deposit. No, I said, my resolution is taken. Give this money to *Honoria* for her father; and when you receive the produce of your sale, complete the entire sum which he has advanced for me. The peril of my situation, the gentleness of *Honoria*, might tempt her to abuse the confidence of her father: I will not expose her to the contest. Adieu! I must be left master of my fate. Yet I do not re-

nounce the happiness of seeing you again. I am young; and have strength. The Spaniards, your neighbours, present me an asylum where the injustice of *Urban* will not reach me: I will not conceal my retreat from you. You shall inform me of the return of *Ferdinand*; and all these storms shall be calmed.

The dawn approached: farewell, said I to *Bruno*. Farewell! I shall ever love you. He wept over me. He pressed on me a small purse, the result of his savings. An obstinate refusal now might have spoken resentment; and I trembled lest he should suppose me capable of it. I made another effort. Again farewell! said I. Tell my friends that the poor *Itanoko*, at this instant, feels only the unhappiness of being driven from them. I rushed to the
door

door without his answer; and ran till I had left the city half a league behind me.

A small wood was near my road. I retired into it to take breath. I sat down on the earth. I forgot my journey, and yielded to the commotion of my thoughts.

What a fate is mine ! said I. Others endure adversity from the malice of men. It seems that even virtue is leagued with vice to destroy me. Without the virtues of *Dumont*, should I have been led to confide in *Urban* ? What was it but the generosity of *Urban*'s son, which made me spare the life of this bitter enemy ? Was it not the tender pity of *Honorio* and her father which exposed me to the villany of *Theodore* ? And did not their abhor-

rence of *Urban's* baseness to me, realise all the dangers which could arise from his false accusation of me? In fine, when there remained but one resource to disengage me from the labyrinth in which I was enclosed, must humanity, must christian charity, deprive me of that, by abusing their charms to seduce the most honest of men from his duty? Where then shall I fly to save myself from the machinations of the wicked, and the dangerous protection of the virtuous?

But let me own the truth, said I, instantly recollecting myself. Unhappiness must be the result, even to the virtuous, when they suffer the smallest taint of dissimulation to stain their actions; and hitherto, not one of my European friends have been altogether pure in this respect. Hence, they de-
ceived

ceived themselves. Hence, they ruined me. *Dumont* concealed from me the miserable condition of my countrymen amongst white people. *Ferdinand*, the infamous designs of his father. *Honorio*, her projects founded on treachery. *Bruno*, the error into which his compassion had led him. In every instance, the consequence has pointed out the defect of their policy. Thus it must be through life: we shall strike on rocks when truth is no longer our guide.

My mind cleaved, with firmer reliance, to her virtuous principles. I reconsidered my design of going among the Spaniards. I depended much on my talents, which, during my retreat, I had ardently cultivated. But, if I should have miscalculated their value, labour did not terrify me. Much as I

would have preferred the pleasure of joining *Ferdinand* (a pleasure which I viewed with the sweetest sensations, even while *Honorio* unfolded all my danger to me), yet I dared not, for that purpose, take any thing from the sum which remained with *Bruno*, and which was already insufficient to repay *M. de C——*. I rose, therefore, from my meditations, strengthened in my resolution; which seemed to me the only one that could preserve the purity of my heart, and the esteem of my own mind. My soul was filled with delight. I threw myself on my knees. Oh God! cried I, when the wicked would destroy me, when the good cannot aid me, thou dost not abandon me! Under the heavens of Africa, or in these isles, which thy hand has planted on the confines of the ocean, I am equally near the eye of thy power.

Still

Still let thy goodness attend me—thy goodness which delights to guide the unfortunate !

I arose. I left the wood ; and proceeded with tranquillity. I was well enough acquainted with the island, not to be embarrassed as to my road ; and I resolved to traverse the chain of mountains at a place which I had discovered to be the narrowest, and which lay about a league to the left of *M. de C——*'s plantation. I examined *Bruno's* purse. It contained five louis d'ors and some silver : a sum which would be perfectly sufficient for my first occasions.

I travelled with vigour the whole day, without making any stay, except to buy some light provisions to support me during my journey. The sun was,

setting when I plunged into a forest which extended itself toward the summit of the mountains. I now wanted repose; and I had need of light to avoid the precipices which I must encounter in this almost inaccessible place. Yet the dread of wild beasts would not suffer me to lie down, and I crossed the forest. The bareness and steepness of the rocks, with which I now found myself surrounded, promised me safety. Disengaged from the obscurity that reigned under the tall spreading trees of the forest, I had sufficient light to enable me to climb a rock which rose many feet above that part of the mountain which served as its base. This rock seemed to be formed for the security of some unhappy being in my situation. It was inaccessible on all sides, except on that by which I had mounted it (and there only by a narrow passage, which

which I easily closed after me by loose pieces of the rock) ; while the greater part of it commanded, in proud state, the profound abyſs below.

Thus removed from ſurpriſe, deſying, in my aſylum, the ferocious animals of the foreſt, and men, more to be feared than thoſe, I ſat down and calmly enjoyed part of my nourishment. The moon ſoon roſe to chaſe away the partial darkneſs which ſucceeded the burning heat of day. I caſt my looks around and beheld, with voluptuous majeſty, the auguſt ſpectacle before me. All ſlept, except nature. I fancied I hung over the univerſe ; and ſeemed to be connected with human nature only by remembrance. Under my feet, the agitation of the foreſt formed a ſucceſſion of crouded and dark waves. Distant objects, diminished
by

by intervening space, fled before my sight; and lost themselves in the fugitive horizon. Near me, accumulated mountains appeared to interrupt, with their bleached heads, the peaceful and light clouds : and the ocean, upon his deceitful surface, multiplied the lights of the eternal vault.

How little is man, opposed to the wonders of nature ! What, said I, now employs the haughty sovereigns, the fierce conquerors, of the earth ? Stretched upon purple, they weigh their power upon the balance of pride. Ah, the mole also believes, in his corner, that he agitates the globe ! Approach, man, to try your power with the hand which composed this scene ! Approach, Europeans ; you, whose riches are the mute witnesses of your crimes, and of negroes tears. Scatter upon the face
of

of this vast bafon all the gold of the world; the crowns of monarchs; the diamonds of their courts; the vases of their palaces; the purple of their flaves: will it add a fingle fpark to its fplendor, its magnificence?

Sleep infenfibly overtook me; and, though the rock was my pillow, never had my fenfes been plunged in a more profound repofe. Even flattering dreams did not dare to follicit them. This interval of reft left not a trace in my imagination. The heat of the fun-beams drew me from this calm. The fcene had changed. I left the univerfe in filence: terror reigning under the formidable fhade of the mountains. I found it enriched with the pearls of the morning, animated, melodious, burning. The monotonous murmur of fountains was loft in the chorus of
day;

day ; but I beheld their silver streams hurrying to brave the tempests of the ocean. I forgot myself in the bosom of nature. The distant cries of some cultivators called me back to the unhappy condition of humanity.

I left my retreat, and long sought for a path which might guide me in my embarrassing journey. At length I thought I perceived some traces on the sand, and I followed them. The fatigues which I endured for four or five hours were inexpressible : sometimes crawling over rugged places, with lacerated hands and knees ; sometimes suspended over the brink of precipices by shrubs, whose frail roots threatened to deceive my hopes ; often placing my timid feet on rocks which, yielding to my weight, rushed, while I had scarcely quitted them, with terrible noise into
the

the dreadful abyfs. In fhort, difputing my ground rather than travelling, I reached the fummit of the mountains, and hoped that I had nothing to do but defcend into the country inhabited by the Spaniards. I was worn out; and, availing myfelf of fome trees, I fat down beneath their fhade. It might be mid-day. I fpread my trifling provifions on the mofs before me; but the heat of the day, and my exertions had created fuch a burning thirft, that I could fwallow no part of it. I looked around, but faw no water. I liftened and thought I heard fome flow at a diftance. I rofe and approached the place. I difcovered a fountain. I extinguifhed my thirft, and having filled a little flask (which had fome wine in it when I left the city) I slowly returned to enjoy my fimple repaft.

I had

I had arrived within an hundred paces, when I perceived a man who seemed to contemplate with surprise this species of collation, in an inhospitable and almost uninhabited place. Fear was the first feeling of my mind. I am followed, I am discovered, said I. But soon my native courage flew to my aid: Is any single man, said I, formed to alarm me—and without weapons! A movement which he made, discovered to me that he was a negro. Encouraged by this sight, I advance. I distinguish his features. I know him. Spring into his arms. My trembling knees fail me. I fall, and drag him after me. All was swift as imagination. What see I, cried he, *Itanoko*! It is you, my dear *Itanoko*. “Oh, my dear *Otourou*!” It was him.

Twenty

Twenty times we embrace. Examine each other as to the reality. We are convinced that is no dream. Embrace again; and thus fly the first happy instants of our meeting.

Oh my God, I thank thee! said I, with all the enthusiasm of gratitude. To be at the extremity of the world, unfortunate, persecuted, fugitive: to be suddenly in the arms of a friend—a friend whom wide seas, in thought, separated from me, was a benefaction I could scarce support.

My *Otourou*, cried I, in one word destroy an inquietude which agitates me. Am I indebted to your chains for this blessing? No, my friend, interrupted he, I am free. Friendship alone has brought me hither. Thank God! continued I. But speak to me of my father,

father, of *Amelia*, of *Dumont* ! Disguise nothing from me. You shall know all, said he, and would to God I could talk to you only of happiness. I have seen the moment—but it is fled as a shadow !

“ Know these fatal coasts have seen your friend accompanied by *Amelia*, by *Dumont*. We all fought you. I alone have found you, when I lost them.”—

“ Oh heaven ! *Dumont* ! *Amelia* ! ”—

“ Before I teach you more, satisfy my just impatience : think that, by traversing seas to seek you, I have acquired some pre-eminence. Why did you leave Africa ? Why your flight ? Oh unfortunate *Itanoko*, happiness awaited you ! ”

—“ However cruel, my dear *Otourou*, the incertitude in which you leave me, I obey you. Listen, and judge me ! ”

Then

Then we sat down together; and I, commencing my recital from the instant in which I became the prisoner of *Damel*, continued it to the hour in which my friend was thus restored to me. He listened in silence; and answered, at times, by his tears; at others, by the fury which kindled in his eyes. In fine, said I, you see that I have been unfortunate. I am still so. But my heart is pure. It is without remorse: and God has, this day, given me an earnest that he will recompense me for all.

But my friend, said I——You shall know all, interrupted *Otourou*. Follow me, I will shew you my retreat.

I thought no longer of continuing my route. I concluded that this adventure would lead to a new order
of

of things. We rose, and *Otourou* led the way.

In a quarter of an hour, we arrived at a grotto formed by nature. See here, said *Otourou*, my humble asylum. The evening approaching, the air became cold on this high part of the mountain. *Otourou* assembled some branches, dried by time, and kindled a fire. The smoke, without incommoding us, escaped through a rift of the rock. We collected the little provisions we had, and we refreshed ourselves with a repast which we would not have changed to have fed with kings.

You have suffered much, said *Otourou*; but your sufferings are not ended. Yet arm yourself with courage: at least, *Otourou* is with you; and from hence,

hence, it shall be the task of friendship to lighten your burthen.

You recal the day in which victory crowned us. Ah, fatal was the hour in which I ceased to combat by your side. In the horrible pursuit of our enemies, I followed you during some time. Your father pressed on, with the same ardour. Some warriors among the enemy rallied, and instantly surrounded him. Our friends, most of them wearied with carnage, and the remainder dispersed after the fugitives, did not perceive your father's danger. I alone saw it. I turned aside from you. I flew to his aid. He was on the point of perishing. His adversaries, panic struck with my fury, all fled; except a few who fell beneath my arms.

At

At this instant *Dumont* joined us; and advised your father to found a retreat. He continued to aid your father with his counsels. We encamped on an advantageous ground. *Dumont* placed guards; traced entrenchments where he thought they were required; and though he scarcely supposed that the enemy would return back to the combat, he acted as if that had been certain.

Your father dispatched a courier to *Siratik*; and, alike just and generous, he wrote that he owed all to the genius, the courage of *Dumont*. The chiefs of the army were then assembled, and they resolved to wait in this place the orders of the sovereign. Meanwhile, the principal officers were invited to celebrate the triumph. It was near five in the evening when the festival commenced :

menced : yet you did not appear. Your father, *Dumont*, myself, and your companions, had already enquired for you. No one knew your fate. However, as each minute different parties rejoined the army, we still flattered ourselves to see you return. Night closed upon us. Your father, *Dumont*, and I, could no longer subdue our alarms. Yet, we sought to weaken them by vain suppositions. We could not impose on ourselves : our apprehensions increased each instant. In this manner the time passed away. At day-break, I flew to every quarter. I returned to your father and *Dumont*. My countenance told my tale. My son is dead, cried your father. I cannot think that, said I. The enemy fled before him when I quitted him.

We had not rendered our last duties to the slain. They were examined with
 VOL. II. E care ;

care; you were not found among them; and we became more tranquil respecting your life. Feeble consolation—seeing this circumstance no longer left any doubt that you were taken prisoner; and that, hence, we must renounce the dear hope of ever seeing you more. I do not speak of our sorrow: you will conceive it. The whole army, who loved your father, partook of it; and never, perhaps, was the day succeeding a victory marked by so mournful and dark a silence.

Had they not positively prevented me, I had selected some few friends, and rescued you or fallen in the attempt. But your father, as disinterested a patriot as a tender parent, declared that, in a cause which concerned himself alone, he would not suffer the blood of the meanest citizen to be spilt.

We

We shortly received orders from *Siratik* to dismiss the army. He was now fully informed of the pacific dispositions of *Damel*, and this good prince was in haste to restore the happiness of peace to his people. What a moment, oh my friend, in which we reached our home! *Amelia* understood our story before we told it. *Dumont* affected, in vain, a resignation which his moistened eye denied. He exhorted his daughter to cherish a hope which he had not himself. And I—I, my dear *Itanoko*! —Recal to your mind our friendship—Need I paint the condition in which I was?

How could you quit him? said *Amelia* to me, with an accent of grief and reproach. I took your father's hand, and drew him near her. He lives, said I. Behold my excuse!

In the mean time, our duty called us to the court. What a contrast! The ravings of public joy struck on our ears; our own sorrows, on our hearts. The prince was informed of the loss we had sustained. He spoke of it to your father and *Dumont* with feeling; and, after rendering them the thanks due to their courage, he assured them he would employ every means which could be devised to procure your liberty.

The policy of *Damel* ran to meet our wishes. Feeling that we should execute an exemplary vengeance for this unjust war, he was willing to sacrifice the rights he had acquired over you to procure a lasting peace. He sent ambassadors to negotiate the affair. They arrived. Almost delirious was our joy. *Siratik* agreed to the proposition. He
com-

commissioned your father and *Dumont* to finish the treaty. *Amelia* and I followed the happy commissioners.

We arrived at the court of *Damel*. He, undoubtedly wishing to gain better terms, by heightening our impatience, had made it a condition that no one should have any communication with you till all should be completed. In despite of this prohibition, one day, I endeavoured to penetrate the place in they had secured you. *Damel* was informed of it, and threatened to break off all conference, if any other attempt, to that end, should be made. Reluctantly I consented. Fatal consent !

At length, all difficulties were removed ; and *Damel* had fixed the following day for the ceremony of swearing to the observance of the treaty, and

to restore my *Itanoko* to us. Already did we see you ; announce your happiness to you ; already did paternal tenderness, love, friendship, fold you in their arms !

The ceremony was to be performed with splendour. We had risen early, to prepare for the exulting moment. An officer of *Damel's* court presented himself, and earnestly prayed your father and *Dumont* instantly to attend the sovereign. You see me in despair, said *Damel*, as they entered. Our prisoner has, this night, escaped us. I have not suspected you. Your conduct deserved that confidence : and I see, by your looks, that I have not misunderstood you. But what has become of him ? All, whom I have sent to seek him, have returned without success ; and I now can only imagine, that he has
taken

taken refuge in some of the European vessels. Ah, if it is true, cried *Dumont* with transport, delay not to visit the vessels. You alone know the horrid danger of his situation. I have foreseen it, replied *Damel*. I have given my orders to the captains, and expect their attendance.

A short time after, they appeared. *Damel* signified his commands. They swore to conform to them; and officers were instantly named to execute them.

We waited the issue. *Amelia's* foreboding heart abandoned itself to despair. Your father, sacrificing his emotions to prudence, scrutinized the conduct of *Damel*: almost suspecting perfidy. But *Dumont*—had I not known *Dumont*, I should have sworn he was the author of your flight. His

agitation was not that which he discovered when you had fallen into the hands of your enemies. It was blind fury ! It was madness !

The canoes appointed to make the search, the troops that were to escort them, were assembling. News came that a French vessel had set her sails, and was in motion. Oh ! cried *Dumont* : the inhuman——Oh wretches ! Yes ! yes ! they are capable of it !

He flew to the port. I followed. Already the vessel cut the waves. *Dumont* threw himself into a canoe ; intreated, conjured the rowers to join him. Moved by his manner, they were in motion to depart. What would you alone ? said I. Perish ! cried he. Reason had no command over him. I sprang into the canoe, and
the

the negroes laid their strength to the oars.

Speedily ten canoes followed us. For some time, the swiftness of the canoes gave us hopes. The wind increased; at the close of the day, the distance of the vessel mocked our pursuit; and I saw that night would transport her beyond the possibility of our reach.

The eyes of *Dumont* ceased to follow her course. He sat down at the bottom of the canoe, and hid his face in his hands. "Oh my God! my God! save him from despair!" His voice was scarce heard. His hands dropped. I trembled for his life. I turned their oars instantly toward the land.

We removed *Dumont* to his apartment. His unfortunate child, even

your father, forgot you : the wretched state of *Dumont* swallowed up all other reflections. *Damel* exerted himself to console us. The wound was too deep thus to be healed.

In some days, the recollection of *Dumont* returned. His words, his exclamations, were without meaning to us. Alas! they were too soon explained ! To himself it was reserved, to unfold to us all the extent of your wretchedness !

Your father fell beneath the stroke. He could have supported your absence, your death. He could not survive the thoughts of your chains.

In the mean time, your fatal flight suspended the conclusion of the treaty. The people, dreading the consequences
of

of the unjust war into which their sovereign had drawn them, assembled tumultuously around the palace; and this sedition threatened the life of *Damel*. Let me, said your father, descend into the tomb without reproach. His eager virtue recalled his wasting strength. He besought *Dumont* to follow him to the palace. The people opened a passage to us. We entered. Prince, said your father to *Damel*, you have preserved your faith. It is not just that either you or your people should be the victims of my misfortune. My son was to have been given as the price of peace. That cannot be. But——He waved his hand, as if to request a moment's patience. Our breath was almost hushed. He proceeded. I know my sovereign: I will silence the cry for blood; and he will thank me to have restored happiness to both people.

Damel embraced him with transport. Peace was sworn to in the presence of the people. The people answered with acclamations.

Wide is the influence of virtue. *Damel* would not be outdone in generosity. Why not fly to regain *Itanoko*? said he. My treasures are open to your use. *Dumont*; be this your work. Born in Europe, their manners are familiar to you. Go, and regain the liberty of *Itanoko*. Ah! cried *Dumont*, heaven inspires you! Behold my friend, continued he, turning to your father: your son returns to you. I was the cause of his loss. I will lead him back. Ah! may I hope it will efface my crime?

Your father embraced him. Think not, said he, with a faint voice, that I
accuse

accuse you. Do not imagine that I hate your nation: much less, that I cease to love you. My son shall soon have no father. Let me, while I am dying, bequeath your friendship to him. I know him. He will bless the inheritance. And if you think that you owe me, owe my fellow citizens, some gratitude, love the unfortunate *Itanoko* as my son, as a negro, and you shall have paid your debt to his country and to his father. I swear it, cried *Dumont*. Your father heard no more. His soul was fled.—My friend! *Itanoko*!

My grief was too violent then to be expressed by tears; nor can words now give an idea of its excess.

At length I found utterance. “ Ah, fatal impatience! I alone am criminal! I have

I have caused the misfortunes of my friends : I have brought my father to his grave !”

I knew my recital, said *Otourou*, would call for your courage, and I relied on it. How shameful ! answered I. I am a christian ; and have not the energies of your mind. You boast of my strength, said *Otourou*. Know your own. It is still necessary. Listen.

We returned with the ashes of your father, and deposited them in the bosom of his country. *Siratik* ratified the peace of *Dumont*, and his dying friend. He shed tears over our misfortunes, and contributed to hasten our departure for Europe.

When every thing was ready, I said to *Dumont* : My friends are my only family.

mily. Let me go with you. Let me be, after you, the first to embrace the unfortunate *Itanoko*. What attentions do not your age require! and who than I has a better right to administer them. You seek a son: you shall find him; but till then, let me be in his place. Does not your heart say any thing for poor *Otourou*? Ah! you meet my wishes, replied he. I dared not propose to you to abandon your country. But, as you do not fear to attach yourself to the fate of an unfortunate being, come: your resolution is a new benefaction to me. Poor as I am, my friendship shall be the sole reward of your affection. I have nothing more to offer. What need I more, said I, pressing his hand to my bosom.

We took our leave of *Siratik*. *Dumont* engaged to inform him of the success

cess of his voyage; and promised to return himself to Africa, if fortune should second our wishes. In a short time we arrived at the court of *Damel*, where we were to embark for Europe. The young prince was faithful to his promise. He gave to *Dumont* gold, more than sufficient for all the purposes of our enterprize. Since the time of your flight, we had learned that the French vessel, in which we supposed you to be, had sailed for St. Domingo, and that the captain's name was *Urban*. *Dumont* would gladly have proceeded immediately to that place; but all the traders of the American isles were departed, and there was no vessel in the port but an English East-Indiaman, which was driven on the coast of Africa by stress of weather. The captain generously offered us a passage to Europe, and we were happy to embrace the offer.

The

The vessel failed ; and we lost sight, perhaps for ever, of the country which, my *Itanoko*, served as our cradle. I turned my back on it without regret. I was in search of you. It is erroneous to talk of secret ties binding us to our native soil. Filial piety, paternal love, friendship ; such are the bands which unite us to our country. In these wild mountains, I find the charms which the place of my birth no longer boasts.

I will not weary you with a recital of a tedious voyage. We were mournful enough. *Amelia*, her mother, *Dumont*, and I, passed our time in talking of you ; and sometimes hope stepped in to solace us. We arrived in the channel, and within eight hours anchored on the English coast. We lost no time, but in procuring European money for the riches *Dumont* brought from Africa ;
which

which the English captain managed for us. We took our leave of him, to sail for Calais (a city of France) full of gratitude for his kindness.

This man had not the engaging affability of *Dumont*, but he had all his virtues. The contrast between the English and French was indeed what most engaged my attention during my short stay in Europe. One has the appearance of habitual sorrow ; the other is all gaiety. The latter seems to study how to oblige you ; the former is incessantly obliging you, without seeming to think of it. I perceived that an Englishman's friendship increases with time, while the Frenchman seems to forget you as he knows you better. The conduct of the English appears more consonant to reason ; for, if the friendship of the French continued increasing with the
same

same intemperance with which it commences, it would soon proceed to a perfect delirium. The Englishman is frugal of his heart ; so that you find resources in it to answer all your need : that of the Frenchman is drained at first view, and he has nothing to offer you when occasion calls for his services.

Dumont's first design was to go to Nantz, his native place. The moment he arrived in England, he had written to enquire for his brother. He was informed that this brother had left that city more than twenty years since ; nor was it known what was become of him. *Dumont* now, therefore, resolved to take the route of Bourdeaux, from whence he hoped more speedily to procure a passage for St. Domingo. We passed through a great part of France. You
will

will suppose with what astonishment I beheld a multitude of majestic cities. We saw Paris. It is a kingdom, and not a city.

At length we reached Bourdeaux. This city alone might be the glory of an empire; there we found united the pride of commerce, the splendour of riches, and the luxury of the arts. The inhabitants may be there reckoned by the number of palaces; and the people know neither the misery of idleness, nor the pressure of indigence.

There I saw some negroes, for the first time since our departure from Africa. I accosted them. You are slaves, then? said I to them, in our language. No: answered they; we have been in that condition, but are no longer so.——“ Your masters are humane;

mane; they have freed you.”—“No: when we place our feet on French ground, we are free. It is the will of the laws.”—“Oh! I understand. The country in which you carried chains, belongs to another sovereign.”—“Not at all: it is the same king who reigns here.”—“Two different laws in two different places of the same state! (2) The contradiction is strange.

Dumont bought a vessel, of which he himself took the command: his mind being too much bent on his object to wait the interests or pleasure of a trader. It is incredible how soon every thing was ready for our voyage; but it was not the first time I had occasion to observe that, in Europe, they perform miracles with gold.

In the midst of *Dumont's* cares at Bourdeaux, he had not forgot a sacred duty;

duty; his wife and daughter received baptism; and he himself sanctified, in the bosom of the church, the ties which love had formed in Africa. But will you imagine the prejudice of these white people? Some friends, that we had made during our stay at Bourdeaux, and who were invited to the ceremony, would have gladly persuaded *Dumont* that he dishonoured himself, by taking a negro for his spouse. His answer was simple, and I loved him still more for it. The negroes, said he, have not been ashamed to save my life: why should I blush to ally myself to them? They laughed at him; and I refused to become a christian. I asked *Dumont* if these people were christians. He answered in the affirmative. I would not press any further questions, lest he should think I doubted his veracity; but I ran to find the priest. What think you of *Dumont*? said I. Did he
do

do well in marrying the negro? He smiled. "Why do you ask me?"—"I want simply to know if he did his duty."—"Undoubtedly."—"Then your religion makes no distinction between black and white people?"—"None: no such distinction can exist in the eye of God."—"Why then is it said, that *Dumont* has dishonoured himself?"—"The morality of the world is not that of *Jesus Christ*. Let the world condemn *Dumont*. It is not the world who shall judge him. Europeans, negroes, are all equal before the throne of mercy; and he who shall prove himself the firmest in the discharge of his duties, shall alone be truly great in the eyes of the Supreme Being."—"Well, said I, quitting him, the christians reason ill; but their religion speaks well, and it shall one day be mine.

Our

Our voyage to St. Domingo was favourable. In six weeks we anchored in the port. *Dumont* designed to sail, the moment you should be on board, for Africa, to discharge his promise to the two sovereigns; and then, if we should all be unanimous in the wish of passing the remainder of our days there, he resolved for ever to renounce European grandeur, for the simplicity of African happiness. Vain projects! While imagination was striding toward the accomplishment of our wishes, we were but hastening to plunge into the precipice.

Dumont would not treat directly with *Urban*. In visiting him, he might have encountered you. Your joy would have betrayed the secret; and your tyrant might have encumbered the negotiation with endless difficulties. *Dumont*

mont well knew the character of these people. He therefore committed the business to a broker. Can you conceive our anxiety ! To have you under our eyes ; almost to touch you ; and, for your own sake, neither to dare speak to nor see you ! It was a bitter torment. Mean while, the health of *Amelia* became weakened. She imagined that it would be of service to her to walk on the shore. The desire of meeting you, or perhaps only of seeing you at a distance, I am persuaded, was the true cause of her wish to leave the ship. Her father, with great difficulty, consented to it ; but was persuaded by my earnest intreaty : for I could not bear to see the unhappy condition of *Amelia*.

In our first walk, I observed that a young European seemed to look on

us with particular attention ; and every day we encountered him. I ought to have informed *Dumont* of this circumstance. Versed in European manners, he had foreseen its tendency ; but I thought nothing of the matter.

One night *Dumont* received, by a canoe sent express, a note from his broker, which informed him that the bargain was finished. Ah ! *Honorio*, cried I, interrupting *Otourou*, what have you done ! Your recital, replied *Otourou*, has unveiled the mystery which I could not then conceive : but listen, and call forth your strength. We approach a day which desolates my mind still more than that in which you fled from Africa. It was ushered in by the most brilliant Aurora, as if to embellish the hour which was to snatch you, not from chains imposed by the established customs

toms of war, but from the fetters of a cowardly barbarous assassin. Ah, why did not the torrent of delight, which rushed upon us, for ever overwhelm every sort of sensation!

You know the fatal intelligence which awaited us, on our going to receive you at the hands of the broker. The shades of death encompassed *Amelia*—but I see you tremble: shall I conclude?—It must be—*Dumont* went to the judge to solicit your pardon. *Amelia* recovered her senses. I availed myself of this moment. Her mother had been detained on board by sickness. I felt how much her unfortunate daughter needed her consoling presence. We departed for the ship. Night had come. Already were we on the shore. We were attacked by the young man of whom I have spoken. I struck him to

the earth. His creatures surrounded us.—They tore *Amelia* from me—an unworthy prison—

“ Hold, *Otourou*! Vengeance! vengeance! Ah, it was *Amelia*! She had perceived me: she could not conceal her love. Ah, my *Amelia*! were you so near me; and did I not plunge my hand into the blood of my wretched rival!”

Otourou interrupted me. Whence have you known this? said he. Too horribly have I known it, answered I; and *Theodore* was the base villain. The traitor had concealed her in the plantation to which *Honorio* sent me. If she has survived her despair, still may we deliver her: let us fly! The plantation is scarcely divided from the border of these mountains. Ah! said

Otourou,

Otourou, it is the same; but alas! she is no longer there.

Oh! cried I, how my head wanders! I remember—The equerry told me. Ah, my God! I am more lost than ever.—“Courage, my friend! It is but three nights since her flight. We shall be happy in seeking her together.”—“You are sustained by patience: you are not oppressed by the torments of love.”—“True: and I have the perseverance of friendship, *Itanoko*.”

At these words, the tears rushed from my eyes. I threw myself into the arms of *Otourou*. “Oh, support me! support me! I die!” *Otourou* saw my tears with delight. He endeavoured to give them still greater scope, by the tenderest discourse. He saw they would save my bursting heart; and, to

withdraw my attention from the cruel future, he insensibly resumed his recital.

I was certainly ungrateful, said he, in leaving the city without seeing *Bruno*; but friendship called me away. I flew at first to the broker. He was ignorant of every thing, excepting that *Dumont* had failed on the day in which we were to have received you. With that I was already acquainted. I did not stay to inform him of *Amelia's* misfortune, but abruptly left him.

I own to you that, notwithstanding I had lost you, perhaps for ever; notwithstanding the wretched situation of *Amelia*; notwithstanding the terrors of a long imprisonment, and the destitute condition in which I was plunged, *Dumont* alone occupied all my thoughts.

If

If he had not been my friend, my protector, my father, with what black ideas had not his conduct filled my soul ! What could induce him to leave a place in which his daughter was likely to be the defenceless victim of a villain ? In which he knew that *Otourou* was in irons ? Could he be ignorant of it ? that was not probable ; because I had written to him the account of our misfortune on the very night on which I was cast into prison. My heart bled while I thought of this inconceivable conduct. Yet is God my witness that no hard thoughts of *Dumont* were mingled in the hurrying sentiments of mind. I ascribed all to some new misfortune. But what could this misfortune be ? I had no clue to the labyrinth, and I tormented myself in vain.

Having entirely lost all traces of *Dumont*, I thought only of finding his

daughter, of rescuing her. A little money, *Bruno's* last benefaction to me, has, with extreme temperance, sustained me to this hour through my enquiries. There is no plantation, no place, however hidden, in this island, which have not witnessed my labours. Four months were gone, and I was on the point of renouncing all my hopes, when they suddenly sprang up a-new from an unexpected accident.

It was about five in the evening. I stood leaning against the gate of a house, and sorrowfully reviewing the past, anxiously looking forward to the future. A tall negro accosted me. Comrade, said he, have you nothing to do?—"Why?"—"Because I would beg a favour of you."—"If I can serve you, be ceremony apart: speak."—"You see this letter; it must be safely delivered according to
the

the direction. — They might detain me for an answer; and I have other business which presses me. — Take it; procure an answer; and in two hours I will meet you here again.” — “Give it me. I will go.” — “I thank you; for you cannot imagine the satisfaction you give me. Here is a piastre for your trouble!” — “For my trouble! I never sell my labour. I give it.” — “But” — “But does the desire which leads me to oblige you, cost me any thing? Keep your money.”

I quitted him, and carried the letter. It was addressed to a woman. I knocked at the door of a tolerably handsome house. A man opened it. I presented my letter. Madam is above, said he. You must go up to her. He touched a bell, and I found an old European woman on the staircase. She said, in a shrill tone, What is

your business? I gave her the letter. She looked at it, and desired me to wait for an answer. She entered a room; and either without mistrust, or by neglect, left the door open. I heard her speak to a person whom I could not see. She read the letter to her. He is a warm lover, said she afterwards; and will you always be inflexible? Ah! replied a voice, let him restore me to my father, and I will forgive him all! Oh God, it is *Amelia*! said I. Some words which she added, convinced me it was *Amelia*. I reined in all the faculties of my soul; but never did combat cost me so much. A word might have destroyed every hope. I passed more than an hour in this situation; and yet had strength to receive the answer from the hands of the old woman, without betraying my emotions (4). I went out. The house became

became too precious to me not to be graven in my memory.

I gave way to my joy, at discovering the habitation of *Amelia*; but it was almost turned to anguish, when I considered the weakness of my resources. What could I do? How relieve her? Could I alone undertake the task? And to whom apply for aid? Without friends, without money, where should I conduct her? Where conceal her? Ah! cried I, is a knowledge of her prison only given me to render her loss more dreadful? Yet, with this knowledge, will I sooner die on the threshold of her house, than abandon *Amelia*!

Neither day nor night did I quit the sight of the door. I was myself ignorant of what this could produce. I hoped I hardly knew what—that she

might perceive me; that I might see her; that she might have means of which I was not informed; and which she might dare to use, encouraged by my presence.

So passed the hours; so were they marked by my fluctuating thoughts, till *Amelia* was conducted to the distant plantation where you were yourself, my friend. I saw her depart. It was night; yet did I recognise her. I followed the carriages, spight of the speed with which they travelled (5), and arrived nearly at the same time with them at the plantation.

It was easy for me to conceal myself during the day in the neighbourhood. I felt that by this journey the dangers of *Amelia* were increased; yet the circumstance animated my hopes. The mountains

tains offered an asylum for her. The situation favoured me. Could I once inform her where I was, I should have no fear. She might find a favourable occasion: the first signal would find me ready.

How strangely were circumstances playing with us! In the same place were assembled, without their having the least suspicion of it, three persons who, on the whole earth, had the greatest interest in meeting with each other! Ah! what had I not dared, had I known you were near me!

During the first night, all seemed quiet in the house. With my utmost diligence, I could not discover the apartment in which *Amelia* was placed. On the following night, I perceived, though extremely late, a light in one
of

of the chambers. I set danger at defiance, without first weighing the necessity of it; for I saw that I must place some confidence in chance, if I would serve *Amelia*. I approached close to the house, without noise. The window was on the first floor. By efforts, more happy than wise, I at length supported my feet on the stone work which served to divide the stories of the building; and I stood with my face close to the window. I saw *Amelia* sitting, supporting her head with her hand. She seemed abandoned to despair. A young man standing before her: I knew him to be the person who was the cause of all this wretchedness. He seemed to be leaving the chamber. To-morrow, said he, opening the door, remember it is my last word: to-morrow—I will die, tyrant, answered *Amelia*.

I heard

I heard the door shut. Scarcely was he out of the chamber when she rose; ran to the door; and fastened it by bolts which were within. I no longer hesitated; but, at the hazard of alarming her, I said in the negro language: do you no longer remember *Otourou*? She started with terror and surprize. Do you dread your friends? continued I. Fear nothing! It is I! She tremblingly approached the window; opened it softly; saw me, and knew me. It is you! said she—but where am I? Is it not a dream? I have thought—but—

Oh God! said I, support a feeble oppressed woman! emboldened by success, I sprang into the chamber. I took her into my arms. It is I! It is *Otourou*! Lose not this precious moment! Fly with me! Ah Heaven, said she, what happiness!

Yes,

Yes, it is certainly *Otourou* ! But fly—
 To what purpose ? To-morrow would
 drag me back to this dungeon, and
 you to a certain death.—“ Fear
 not.”——“ Ah, he has here too many
 vile agents of his will ! In two days
 the villain departs for the city. On
 the evening of that day, return : I shall
 be ready. We shall be less observed ;
 he will not be here to direct the pur-
 suit.”——“ But in the mean time”——“ Do
 not fear me : the coward dreads my
 courage. I know how to make him
 tremble. But be gone. Should you be
 perceived——Yet stay—Ah, will you
 still hazard yourself for me ? Will you
 promise me ?”——“ I swear it. I will ever
 have my eyes on you. The approach-
 ing night, and the night after that, I
 will be here. But, adieu. Extinguish
 your light. I may be seen.” God bless
 you, my deliverer ! said she. I de-
 scend-

scended with more difficulty than I had found in gaining the window; but with equal fortune.

Amelia was not mistaken; her unworthy oppressor departed, at the break of the day she had supposed. I saw him go into his carriage; and I was certain that *Amelia* was not with him. *Amelia* then is still in the house and I shall rescue her, said I, with the greatest joy and confidence. I looked for the evening with impatience; it was that which she had appointed for my returning to her, yet fatigue bore me down; during five days, I had not taken any repose. My mind had not, for a long while, experienced such tranquillity as I now felt. I retired into the forest; and, there, abandoned myself to all the delights of sleep.

When

When I awakened, the evening was approaching. I rose with haste, and ran to regain my post of observation. Every thing appeared quiet around the house. Night came. The clock struck ten. The lights of the different chambers were successively extinguished, excepting that of *Amelia*. The windows of her apartment were open. In a few minutes a person (whose figure I could not clearly distinguish but whom I imagined to be *Amelia*) approach the window and let down a ladder of ropes; which appeared to be fastened by one end to the inner part of the room.

No longer doubting that *Amelia* had prepared this for her descent I advanced close to the house, and examined the ladder: it appeared to be firm. Profound silence covered the

the whole house ; and I was persuaded that no one suspected our designs.

I now perceived the ladder move and disposed myself to receive *Amelia* in my arms. I saw, descending with caution, not *Amelia* : not a woman !—almost did my presence of mind forsake me. Yet I glided along the wall ; and, at the distance of a few paces, laid myself flat upon the earth : it appeared the only chance I had to escape unobserved. This person having gained the ground, left the ladder suspended as it was and came towards me. It was a man. I thought myself dead. He passed so close as almost to tread on me, and soon was out of my sight.

I saw that I was not yet discovered, but I was left in a wilderness of reflections.

tions. What can this mean ? thought I. Has she placed her confidence in any other ? Has she sent this person to see if I am expecting her ? I will wait ; he may return perhaps.

What imprudence, continued I to myself, after a short but horrid interval. What an important instant do we lose !

There was still light in the chamber. My uncertainty, the real peril of my situation, the shade of night even, which renders the softest sound, the lightest object, alarming—but he must have passed such hours as these, who can imagine what I endured.

The clock struck twelve ; one ; two ; all remained as before. I could contain
my

my impatience no longer. I will leave this incertitude, though it be to perish ! said I.

I seized the ladder. I mounted to the window : I saw no one. I listened : I heard no one. The light, placed under the chimney, was almost extinguished. After a moment's hesitation, I resolved. I sprang into the room.

To every person but myself, the very appearance of the chambers would have announced the flight of *Amelia*. The bolts of the door were fastened within. The bed had the appearance of some one having passed part of the night in it, and having arisen from it. Some articles of a woman's dress, which were thrown negligently on the furniture, remained. In short, to overcome

come all doubt, a billet lay open, upon a table, in which were these words :

“ *Amelia* escapes your vile purposes !
Heaven will avenge an unhappy father !
Will avenge the unfortunate *Amelia* !”

My mind almost yielded to the persuasion that all was a dream which had passed since the moment of my imprisonment. Who could look around this chamber, and not swear that *Amelia* had fled by the aid of the ladder ? I was certain of the contrary. I had seen the ladder placed. One person alone had descended by it ; that was not *Amelia*. Yet, *Amelia* was gone. But how ? But where ? Knowing me so near, too ! Hazarding my life for her ! Could she leave me to be the sacrifice of my fidelity !

A noise,

A noise, which I thought I heard in the house, roused me. The billet was in my hand. Thinking only of flight, I put it, without design, in my pocket. I ran down to the ladder; and fled to the forest.

I now perceived that I had brought away *Amelia's* note; and wished I had left it for the eye of her unworthy tyrant. Yet, it is no matter, said I. Her flight will sufficiently mortify him.

I knew not what to do; and I passed the day without reason furnishing me either with consolation, or any means to relieve me from my embarrassinent. In the evening, I involuntarily returned towards the house; although I knew that my zeal was useless. To my astonishment, the ladder remained in its former

former situation. My imagination ran through the scene of the preceding evening. In certain moments, I firmly believed that *Amelia* was still in her apartment. I was so perfectly lost that a carriage had already entered the courtyard without my hearing the sound of its approach. It was after midnight; but I could perceive it was the European youth. The whole house was raised; and, surrounded as I was by his retinue, I feared to leave the spot till they should be dispersed.

In a short time, I heard the sound of instruments breaking open the door of *Amelia's* apartment. It was time for me to fly; but still some of the family were employed so near me, as to render it more prudent to remain quiet. I heard the young man cry out, She is gone! She is gone! Ah, my Lord,
 replied

replied a voice, she must have escaped within these two hours ; for I myself served her with supper this very night. Say you so, thought I to myself. Perdition ! cried the young man. It must be that insolent negro : but the wretch shall die !

At present, my dear *Itanoko*, I see that you were the person of whom he spoke ; but I then thought the threat regarded me, and that certainly they had perceived me. I cursed my rashness ; a single moment stood betwixt me and ruin. I forgot the negroes, who were employed in the court beside me ; and fled with the swiftness of a stag.

I looked not behind till I had gained this place ; in which we now are ; and and where I thought myself secure, at least for the present.

My dear *Otourou*, said I, we shall find her. She cannot be far distant from us. She knows you are in this island. She thinks her father still here. Her heart will not permit her to quit it without seeing you both. We will return to *Honorio*. We will tell her all. Her knowledge, her influence, will recover *Amelia*. She owes assistance to the unhappy *Amelia*; but, independent of the injuries of her brother, she will be impatient to relieve her.

I swear to follow, said *Otourou*, wherever your wishes shall lead you. But do you forget what awaits you at the city? Your presence, replied I, have dissipated all my fears; I do not well know the laws of these white people; but, if I mistake not the conversation of *Honorio* on the subject, two witnesses are sufficient to confound the
 impossi-

imposition of *Urban*. We had only *Duménil*; but your presence completes my defence. Your evidence, added to that of the broker, cannot fail to convince my judges that *Dumont* bought me of *Urban*. Well! cried *Otourou*, we will away; and, let the vile *Theodore* tremble: One day, perhaps, shall offer him to my vengeance.

Who that saw me quit the city would have imagined I was on the eve of so much happiness. The recital of *Otourou* had, indeed, wrung my heart: but what were my sensations at the close of it. Some degree of certainty in the place of endless doubts; and a prospect, if not the presence, of happiness.

My passion for *Amelia* was not extinguished; but it had been somewhat

lost amongst an infinity of vexations. The misfortunes of *Amelia* and—I dare not conceal it—the violence of jealousy, had awakened my love to its greatest vigour; and, though I was ignorant of the place of her immediate retreat, wide seas no longer divided us; she inhabited the same country with me; and probably a short time would restore her to my bosom. *Otourou* was by my side; and *Dumont*, undoubtedly, whatever led him away, would not be slow to return.

Whence has it happened—of the number of virtuous beings with whom I have been connected, we have always seen the negroes performing more than was expected from them, and Europeans continually less than they seemed to promise? What causes this difference? May it not be—that, with
equal

equal integrity of design, civilized man follows natural inclination less than the savage. The latter continues firm and attached to his first propensities, which are always those of virtue; while the former is incessantly turned aside by that crowd of puerile modes, of fictitious duties, which encounter him at every step. Even, thus embarrassed, he has to combat with passions and vices prodigiously more active and multiplied in the midst of civilized nations, than amongst men that have scarce any wants, scarce any objects of ambition. Thus it happens that a man in cultivated society loves virtue, and would fain pursue it with undeviating course, yet wanders into error and vice. What shall we conclude? Shall he renounce virtue as impracticable? no: but, let him renounce the multitude of prejudices, the children of false education,

which almost subdue his energy and extinguish his natural virtues. Europeans ! are these prejudices so dear to you ? Preserve them in your circles ; respect them in your repasts ; bow to them at public diversions ; but, when the question is to execute justice or to commit wrong, drive them from you without a blush. Do what is right. Behold the first business of man !

As soon as it was sufficiently light, we quitted our grotto ; descended the mountains ; and took the way to the city. I was almost sure of finding *Amelia* there ; and love gave swiftness to my feet. My first design was directly to proceed to *Honorio* ; but *Otourou* insisted on the prudence of first visiting *Bruno* ; as his house would be a more sacred asylum ; and, as his experienced counsels, would be most likely to aid us.

How

How does the presence of a friend spread charms on every thing around. Separated from all whom I loved, seeing in the world nothing but a desert in which I strayed, weeping over the past, trembling for the future, such was my condition before I met with *Otourou*. Now I felt nothing but hope, which the effusions of friendship increased in every moment.

The astonishment contended with the delight of *Bruno* on seeing me. Ah! said he, Heaven has inspired your return. In my rapture I had come to seek you myself had I not thought it safer to wait intelligence from you. Two days have wrought such a change — They have filled me with benefactions, said I, presenting *Otourou* to him. The worthy old man, who had not yet taken his eyes from me, now looked on my friend; recollected him; and blush-

ed. My dear *Itanoko*, said he, you are not generous : but I have merited this confusion. Yes, this is the man through whom I have experienced pleasure bordering on extacy, and anguish approaching death. My father ! What do you say ! returned I. Are you grieved to have produced the greatest happiness of my life ? When you know his name——He is the friend of my heart——He is---*Otourou*.

“ *Otourou !*”-----“ Yes: and see the tears of gratitude in the eyes of your children. Repulse, if you can, their arms which are raised to their deliverer ! and now reproach yourself for an action which nature, friendship, humanity applauds at your feet !”

But which equity still condemns : said the old man. But why do I deprive

prive you of such moments with my remorse? Hear my joyful news!

Yet, first, he threw himself into our arms. We no longer restrained our mutual joy. Oh inexpressible delights of the soul! Had Heaven permitted each man to taste ye, but once, in his life, selfishness had never appeared on the earth!

When we were somewhat tranquilised, *Bruno* made us sit on each side of him. *Urban* has terminated his unhappy life, said he; and *Ferdinand*—*Ferdinand* is returned. Ah God! cried I, and have I not embraced him? I flew toward the door. Stay: cried *Bruno*. The duties of filial piety, at present, occupy him. Yesterday, he departed for the plantation of *M. de C*—— to perform the last duty to his

G 5

father's

father's remains; but, undoubtedly, he will soon return to this city. And I shall see *Ferdinand* again! cried I: Ah what transport! And mine is the happiness, said *Bruno*, of announcing the tidings.

My friend, said *Otouron* to me, the first moments of your prosperity are due to *Ferdinand*. To find you restored to him may soften the anguish of a father's loss. Why should we not go to join him? This duty appears to be indispensable. It was my first thought, answered I; but the unworthy *Theodore* will be there; and shall I not outrage *Ferdinand's* presence by the effects of my fury?

In a word or two I unfolded to *Bruno* all the horrors of which *Otouron* had informed me. My children, said the
old

man, it is in vain that the wicked, under the protection of power and fortune, brave human justice. They cannot escape the arm of God. *Theodore* is a proof of it. *Theodore* is no more. *Otourou* and I looked at each other with astonishment. This lesson, continued *Bruno*, is not for you, my children : but it is terrible to depraved minds. Yet, listen.

You had not left me more than an hour, *Itanoko*, when I heard a knock at my gate. I opened it. *Ferdinand* stood before me. His affairs had been finished sooner than was expected. Love, friendship, duty, hastened him back to this place. The elements forwarded his desires. A voyage of thirty days conducted him here. He was already anchored on the very last night which you passed with me. He flew

G 6

instantly

instantly to his father's. He was informed of the loss he had just sustained ; he mingled his tears with those of his mother ; and, finally came to shed them in my bosom.

Urban had died soon after his arrival at the plantation ; a messenger had been dispatched with the sorrowful tidings to his spouse ; and the arrival of *Ferdinand* followed almost immediately.

He was in haste to speak of you, *Itanoko*. I informed him of all that had befallen you : of the kindness of *Honoria* ; of the persecutions which you had experienced ; your rare instance of generosity to his dying father. In fine, of my own want of faith, which had compelled you to seek security among the Spaniards.

You

You will feel the effect of my recital on his affectionate heart. We first considered how we were to recover you. I sent to *Duménil* for the negro whom you have seen there, and who enjoys my entire confidence. He came; and, although uncertain of the exact route you would take, he resolved to seek for you. You could not be more than three hours before him. He must have missed your route; for, mounted on one of *Ferdinand's* best horses, he must otherwise soon have overtaken you.

Ferdinand quitted me to visit *Honorio*. In about half an hour, I received a message, from the two lovers, requesting my immediate presence. The message somewhat alarmed me; and I ran to join them. I found *Honorio* divided between joy and anguish. This hour, said she, brings back my *Ferdinand*;
yet

yet must this sacred hour be violated with my sorrows. Death will not long delay to deprive me of my father ; and he has already hurried away my brother in the midst of his crimes. He is no more, my dear *Bruno*. Alas ! this unhappy brother is no more. I cannot assume courage to communicate the mournful intelligence to my father. I reckon on your friendship to perform this duty for me. Your wisdom, my friend, will give to your consolations a value which mine would want, would my own griefs permit me to offer consolations.

I am very willing, said I, to charge myself with this office, however painful. But I must give you the circumstances of this sad event, said *Honorio*. *Ferdinand* has just told me that *Itanoko* — whose absence since his last words to me

me has given me great inquietude—that *Itanoko* has lately seen you. Undoubtedly, he related to you the motives which conducted *Urban* to the plantation; and the dreadful situation in which he left him. My brother, who expected *Urban*, saw him approaching, and ran to meet him. He was going to embrace him, but saw him pale, bloody, scarce able to support himself. Terrified, he called for assistance; they took *Urban* in their arms; carried him to a chamber; and placed him on a bed. In a few minutes he expired.

My unfortunate, but too culpable, brother, enraged to see his designs overturned by this unforeseen death, called upon him; embraced him; and almost abandoned himself to despair on his body. Fatal anxiety!

At

At this instant, some of his attendants, whom he had sent to pursue *Itanoko*, entered the room. They informed him of their ill success. His fury was now wrought up to madness. One of his domestics would have led him from the scene. *Theodore*, forgetting every thing but his ungovernable rage, seized a pistol which was in *Urban's* girdle; and was in the act of presenting it at the domestic——Even slaves will at times dare much for life—The slave rushed upon *Theodore*. They struggle. They fall together. The pistol is discharged: and *Theodore* dies.

How awful, said I, interrupting *Bruno*, is this catastrophe! *Theodore* has injured me much, yet must I pity him. Behold, said *Otourou*, the unerring hand of justice. This unfeeling villain fell beneath the weapon of his accom-

accomplice: fell by the hand which was used to administer to his vile pleasures!

I have lately seen, said *Bruno*, another peculiar example. An old man rich, but just, was peaceably passing away the remains of a well spent life. He was seized with sickness, and seemed at the point of death. A depraved nephew, who had often avowedly anticipated the felicity which an immense inheritance promised him, now thought it necessary, however, to preserve appearances with his uncle; and not to quit him till he should have breathed his last. He kept close to his bed-side, impatiently watching for that moment. I went to administer my last consolations to the good man. While I was imploring the Supreme Being to spare so valuable a life; while his friends,

his

his attendants, fervently joined in the prayer ; while the sick man cast his eyes with resignation toward heaven ; the dissipated, depraved youth, solicited death to hasten his approach. The signal is given : but for whom ? Great God ! Death extends his faulchion, and the young man closes his eyes for ever.

We had not recovered from the shock of these recitals, when the door opened, and a stranger entered without ceremony. Pardon me, sir, said he to *Bruno*, but I must execute my duty. Without waiting his answer, he said, addressing himself to *Otourou* and I, which of you is *Itanoko* ? My name is *Itanoko*, replied I. Have you not a comrade with you ? said he. It is I ; replied *Otourou*. Then we are right, said the stranger. Twenty armed men
instantly

instantly appeared in the chamber, surrounded us, seized us, and loaded us with irons.

The trembling *Bruno* cried, with a broken voice : How, gentlemen—here—in my asylum! What have they done? —I am sorry, sir, answered the stranger who first entered, that this should happen in your house ; but I execute my orders. You may read them. *Bruno* cast his eye on them. They are leading us away. He throws himself into my arms. He cannot utter a word. Why do you alarm yourself? said I. Be composed. Behold your assurance ! (placing his hand upon my heart) : this never has done any thing, never shall do any thing, which merits chains.

We were led out. We had to support the gaping attention of the multitude ;

tude; and if the cup of shame had been prepared for the innocent, they had compelled us to swallow large draughts of it.

The people are almost every where the same. When the unfortunate are presented to them, enveloped with the appearance of a crime, they are already condemned at the tribunal of opinion. The more nations are depraved, the greater will be the strength of this prejudice; for, as the manners of men become more corrupted, the less reliance have they on the virtues of other men. But barbarous, odious as is this custom, it is not unworthy the attention of philosophy. It announces that the distinctions of justice and injustice are not entirely effaced. Better is it that the people should overwhelm with disdain an innocent man, charged with guilt, than that they should be-

hold

hold him with indifference; for then all would be lost: in that indifference the enlightened observer would perceive the principles of a people, entirely corrupted. If the manners of a nation are pure, they pity the unfortunate: if they are degenerate, they load them with outrage: if they are altogether debased, they look on them with indifference.

We arrived at our prison. They separated us. The doors opened with a horrid noise. The sun disappeared from our eyes. We were plunged into the bowels of the earth. Men abandon us there; but God and innocence still remained with us.

My thoughts were turned to *Otomon*.
 “Alas! what evils have not my fatal friendship heaped upon his head! and
 what

what has he to expect in future? My own situation declares it to be terrible. Ah, my suffering friend!"

I could have waited, without impatience, without murmuring, without fear, the result of this astonishing treatment, had it regarded myself alone; but to know what the friend of my infancy endured; endured, through his fatal attachment to me, without being able to console him, was a torment which nearly deprived me of reason---and of what avail was reason? It offered me nothing to soften the recollection.

But from whence could this stroke come? My bitter enemies had ceased to live. If I looked around me, I saw none but friends. Never, from the first moment of my afflictions, did fortune

tune

tune seem to smile so perfectly on me. Perfidious! was it in caressing that she meant to crush me? And what have I done? Alas! cried I with grief, detested walls, who detain virtue captive within your frightful obscurity, far from the light of truth.--Alas! who is he who needs not fear your odious presence, however innocent he may be, seeing you surround the unfortunate *Itanoko*!

How do the opinions of men depend on time and place.: what little puerility governs their distinctions? In Europe, the fierce, the audacious Europe, the dependants of a court are the objects of public veneration; and I, allied to a throne, do not experience from these Europeans the attention which they pay to the least of their countrymen(6). Will they find their excuse in our simplicity? If I have
well

well read their history, what were formerly these haughty Gauls, Britons, Germans? Less than we; for they were also unskilled in the arts and sciences, and, at the same time, were more cruel. Their successors disdain us---us who would blush to resemble their ancestors!

Hitherto, I had not examined the tomb into which I had descended alive. I now ventured to meet its horrors with my eyes. Enormous pillars sustained the dark and silent vaults. There, the antique stone, formed by the hand of man, had again descended into the bosom of the earth to be forever the insensible witness of the despair of guilt, and of the sighs of innocence. Enormous rings, fastened to the walls, sustained heavy chains, whose fast folds waited till new victims should

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should he be sacrificed to them. Some steps, worn by time, proceeded in a winding course to gain an iron gate, which hid its head in the elevation of the arch. A melancholy lamp, suspended from the centre, cast its dying flame, that no part of this dismal scene should be hid from the wretched inhabitant.

There, with no companion but my fetters, I shed, far from humanity, tears that in truth were bitter but not embittered by remorse.

I know not how long I remained in this abode. I could only count the hours by the visits of my jailors, who, at long intervals, cast me some bread, and placed a little water near me. I scarcely felt their brutality. I saw the insensibility of these mercenary beings,

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degraded

degraded by the baseness of their office; but I pitied them, and lamented their condition more than my own.

Insensibly my mind became perfectly calm. *Amelia, Otourou, Ferdinand, Bruno, Honoria*, offered themselves in their turn to my thought, and strengthened and consoled my mind. Virtue can, in the extremest adversity, give us pleasure by the remembrance of our friends. We may not see them; may not hear them; we may be separated from them for a time; perhaps for ever: but we feel ourselves worthy of them; and we brave the injustice of mankind.

After some weeks, if misery did not induce an error into my calculations, my jailors came to take me from my dungeon. Little acquainted with the practices

practices of European laws, I had nothing to inform me of my fate. Whither do they lead me? Said I. To death, perhaps. Then, behold me ready.

The idea of approaching death entirely occupied my mind. I perceived nothing which passed around me. I knew neither the distance nor the places through which I was led. My thoughts were interrupted only at times, by a numerous guard which pressed upon me.

At length, I lifted up my eyes, and saw myself in a place in which a judge, with a single secretary, seemed to expect me. My jailors withdrew. The judge demanded if I was a Christian. Yes: I answered. — “Then raise your hand, and promise to God to speak the truth.” — “I never speak otherwise; but, as you wish it, I will

make the promise."—" Was M. *Urban* ever known to you ?"—" Yes,"
—" How, and at what time ?"

I recounted to him the history of his taking me from my native land. The secretary wrote both the interrogations and the answers.

The judge continued to question me :
" Tell me---you have preserved a violent resentment against him ?"—" It would be difficult to forget his injurious treatment of me."—" Write, that he has preserved a violent resentment against M. *Urban*."—" I have not said so. You made me take an oath to speak the truth; I did not require your oath that you would respect it, although justice seemed to exact that." The judge, without noticing my objection, said to the secretary : preserve the

the answer, as it was written by you; it came from the first emotions of nature; and, consequently, it is the voice of truth. Then addressing himself to me.---“Did you not depart, on such a day, at such an hour, from the plantation of M. *de C*—?”—“Yes.”—“Whom did you meet on your road?”—“The only person whom I knew, was *Urban*.”

“Do you know that?”---Said he, presenting a cutlass to me. I examined it. “Yes:” I answered, “it is mine. I had not before recollected that I had lost it.”—“Write that he acknowledges the cutlass to be his. And why is it stained with blood?”—“I cannot positively speak of the cause; but, to the best of my recollection, I must have left it on the spot where *Urban* was assassinated.”

H 3

“M. *Urban*

“ M. *Urban* was assassinated then ? How do you know that ? ” — “ I was present. ” — “ Write. And by whom was he assassinated ? ” — “ By two negroes. ” — “ Do you know them ! ” — “ No. ” — “ Observe how he would impose upon us. Within three leagues of the place there are no negroes but these of M. *de C* — ’s plantation. If M. *Urban* was assassinated by negroes, it could only be by these, regard being had to the time and place. And an abode of six months in that plantation must have made them all known to him. ” — “ I do know them all. But the assassination was not committed by any of them. I have spoken the truth. ”

“ Who, ” resumed the judge, “ is he who is called *Otourou* ? ” “ He is one of my friends. ” — “ Were you alone when

when you met M. *Urban*?"—"Yes,"
 —"Otourou, then, was not with
 you?"—"No."—"Observe how he
 prevaricates. *Otourou* by his own avow-
 al even, had passed many nights wan-
 dering about the habitation. Conducted
 to that place, he had pointed out the
 spot where he usually hid himself; par-
 ticularly the night of the assassination
 he had passed almost entirely there."
 —"The circumstance is strange, but
 the truth is, that he was not with me."
 —"Once more, was he not with
 you?"—"No, I tell you."

"Know you that?" said the judge,
 presenting some cotton rags to me
 covered with blood: "Yes:" answer-
 ed I.—"What is it?"—"The re-
 mains of an handkerchief, which I tore
 to bind up the wounds of M. *Urban*;
 and which, I imagine, I left on the
 H 4 place."

place.”——“ Did this handkerchief belong to you ? ” —— “ Yes. ” —— “ See again, how he would impose upon us. The bandage, found on *M. Urban's* wound, is not of the same stuff with this, but part of a linen neckcloth, which appears to have been the property of *M. Urban*. Beside, the handkerchief, which we have shewn to him, and which he claims to be his, is not his property; for the mark on it is different from that on his own linen.” —— “ In fact, I now recollect my mistake; and I should not have made it, had I been previously informed of the subject of this conversation.” —— “ I believe it: Well ? ” —— “ I really did tear this handkerchief for *Urban's* wound; but, afterwards, recollecting that the cotton would envenom the wound, I removed it; and hence it was that you found it stained with blood. I then untied the
neckcloth

neckcloth which *Urban* wore. It was, indeed, made of linen ; and that was the reason which made me prefer it to mine. I cut it into bandages with the cutlafs which you have fhewn me. My attention altogether occupied, I have unquestionable left both my handkerchief and the cutlafs on the fpot. This answer I fhould have made at firft had you questioned me with more connection ; excufe my franknefs."

" But what do you fay to the mark on the handkerchief ?"—" It is true that it is not mine."—" Was *Otourou* with you ?"—" It is the third time that I anfwer you, No."—" Whofe mark is this on the handkerchief ? You have faid it is yours, yet it is not yours."—" But may I alfo demand why you, whom I do not know, prefs me with fuch questions ? Hitherto po-

liteness has induced me to answer you; but it also appears to me that discretion should place some bounds to your curiosity."—"The condition in which you are, this place, my appearance alone, ought to have informed you that I am your judge."—"Why did you not tell me so, sooner? I should have thanked you for your cares; for, having committed no crime, I have no need of a judge."—"I pardon your ignorance. I have not said that you are criminal; but be persuaded to answer me without prevarication. If you are accused of a crime, your silence cannot save you; on the contrary, it would pass for a confession."—"But, whether I am silent or speak, it should appear to me that I cannot confess what I have not done."—"Of what moment is your confession, if proofs speak against you?"—"What occasion

sion then was there for the oath which you desired me to take ?”---“ The law exacts it.”----“ The law is erroneous, or you interpret it ill. If she requires this oath, it must be undoubtedly to the end that the language of truth may place the accused in security from the force of proofs which chance may have combined together. If the law wishes, on the contrary, that the force of circumstantial proofs shall be preferred to the language of the accused, the oath becomes useless ; since it is no longer a safeguard for innocence. In every case this oath becomes a crime, either in the judge or in the accused. You yourself, as a judge, by requiring it make a tacit avowal that you believe yourself bound by it. See the contradiction of the law. If after his oath the accused imposes on you, and you absolve him, he is culpable of a new

H 6

crime.

crime. If he speaks the truth and you yield to appearances which condemn him, it is you whom the oath renders criminal : for you have heard the truth and have disdained it."-----" The law does not admit of these subtle distinctions."-----" So much the worse. I pity both the guilty and the innocent."

" Are you willing to answer ?"-----

" Yes : for you have received my oath, and I will fulfil it in its full extent."---

" Whose mark, then, is this which is on the handkerchief ?"-----" I will tell you because it is the truth---It is the mark of *Otourou* !----" " Write. It appears that, hitherto, he has not told us a word of truth. And, inasmuch as the handkerchief stained with blood was found on the spot where *M. Urban* had been assassinated, and as, at first he
said

said that it belonged to him, although
 in truth it belonged to *Otourou*, it is
 evidently clear that this *Otourou* was
 was with him, though that is formally
 denied by him."---" The consequence
seems just; I cannot deny it. Appear-
 ance is undoubtedly on the side of your
 reasoning; and that which I am now
 going to tell you, which is however the
 truth, will certainly pass with you for
 a romance. This handkerchief makes
 a part of the dress of our country. It
 is worn as a girdle round the loins.
 The rank of my father obliged *Otourou*
 and I to have them of a stuff finer than
 others. Friends from our infancy,
 every thing which belonged to one
 served the other. Separated from him
 in a battle, it happened that we each
 lost this accoutrement, and each found
 that of the other. This very article,
 then, of which we speak, had belonged
 to

to my friend ; and thence it was precious to me. When I came into these climates I had no occasion for it in the usual way, and I made an handkerchief of it which I commonly wore on my neck. I have others also of the same piece ; but upon this alone will be found the mark of *Otourou*. Nothing less than humanity could induce me to sacrifice it. I own, even then, the sacrifice pained me. Yet I could not refrain from it ; and now you know the whole !”

The result of this examination, said the judge, is that *M. Urban* has been assassinated by two negroes, who according to the declaration of the prisoner do not belong to the only plantation which is in that neighbourhood ; that he has preserved a violent resentment

ment against M. *Urban* : that he saw the deceased on the spot where he was assassinated ; that he has acknowledged the bloody cutlafs, found in the same place, to be his ; that the handkerchief bearing the mark of *Otourou* sufficiently proves, notwithstanding the explication which he has given to the circumstance, that it belonged to that negro ; that they were together, and that we must conclude from this concurrent testimony that it was the prisoner and his comrade *Otourou* who have murdered M. *Urban*, according to the accusation.

Oh ! cried I, what horror ! I murdered him ! I ! who——My knees ceased to support me. I fell without sense.

They brought me speedy assistance, and I opened my eyes to the light. I
was

was placed on a chair. My jailors furrounded and supported me. A surgeon made me smell at some salts, and he wished me to swallow a liquid which he held in a cup.

Away ! Leave me ! said I. Vengeance or death ! One, I will have ! I thought I perceived some marks of compassion in the countenance of the spectators, excepting the judge ; who had not changed his place, and who preserved his countenance unmoved.

After some pause, he demanded of the surgeon if I could speak. A moment's patience, answered he. The judge waited with composure. The surgeon again pressed me to take the liquor, which he presented. He had still hold of my arm, and observed the beating of the pulse.

In such moments, the ideas of a man vary at each second. Give me the draught, said I---I feel that I need courage.—Yet no---it will be believed that I owe my resolution to this liquor alone. It shall not be said that a negro had occasion for foreign aids to support his firmness. I put the cup from me. The surgeon made a sign to the judge, and retired. The latter sent away my jailors: then spoke to me thus:

You see of what you are suspected: was it you who murdered *Urban*? You may, without fear, answered I fiercely, insult a man who is in fetters. Answer my question: said the judge. Did you murder *Urban*?

I know not what was the emotion from which they proceeded, but tears
ran

ran down my cheeks. Alas ! I cried, I had his life in my hands, and I did not destroy it. Believe the truth : it was not I who slew him. Oh, my God ! my God ! at present thou doest judge him. Thou seest the unceasing miseries which he has caused me.—Ah grant him thy mercy !---though men should refuse me justice !

An involuntary emotion betrayed the judge. I saw his eyes close, and I believed it was with grief. Ah ! said I, dragging myself to his feet, I should blush to embrace the knees of an unfeeling man ; but you are not that man : I see it. Condemn me if your law compels you to do so : but tell me ---do tell me, that you do not believe *Itanoko* culpable. I do not know you, but you are a man ; and I have need of your esteem.

His

His tendernefs had paffed away as a hafty ſhower; and again his muscles became inflexible. He repulſed me gently with his hand. Ah! I cried: I have been raiſed in the boſom of nature: you cannot deceive me: you ſuffer more than I.

He ſaid coldly to me: “are you ready to ſign?”——“What?”——“This examination.”——“I know not what may follow, but I conſent. I have ſpoken the truth.” My jailors entered. You know my orders, ſaid he to them: conduct him away.

I went along with them, without knowing whether they led me; but, ſuch is the privilege of innocence, my heart was now without inquietude. I was indifferent as to the iſſue. When we had
pro-

proceeded through various apartments, we arrived at a place in which they took off my irons. I saw this without surprise or pleasure. It seemed that all my feelings were reserved for a scene to which I was hastening.

Extremely weakened, they carried me, rather than that I walked, towards the door of an apartment. I entered: what did I see! Never can I think of it without tears! I beheld *Ferdinand! Honoria! Bruno!* We all stood as if enchained by various passions. Where am I? cried I: where am I?---Ah, I have not seen all! *Otourou* also! I shrieked. I threw my arms round his neck. I sobbed on his bosom. Pardon me, said I to my friends: but it is for me that he has suffered. My first caresses are indeed due to him.

Our

Our friends surrounded us. I felt them.—“ Oh forbear !---I cannot--- cease, cease---my head---my heart fails me---alas !”——

I sunk on the floor. I recovered but to rave. “ Where is *Urban* ? Let him come. I wish to see him. Alas ! I have done nothing to you, *Urban*. These are your children: they love me: why do you hate me ?”——

They give me air.—“ Ah ! I recollect: but where---I---what then has happened ? Where am I ?”——“ In the arms of *Ferdinand*. Do you not know me then ?”——“ It is my *Ferdinand*. I saved your life, but you were worthy of it: I saved your father’s life, your father ! your father ! whom I have murdered !”

Ah

Ah for pity cease to wound us, cried *Honor*a.—“ But, *Ferdinand*, did you say that I murdered him ?”—Recal your senses, said *Honor*a: these are your friends. You see them. Do you not know them ?—Let me conjure you be careful of yourself—if not for your friends, yet for *Amelia*.

“ *Amelia* ! ah, may she be happy !”—
 “ She cannot be so without you.”—
 Ah, my son ! my dear son ! said *Bruno*, folding me in his arms: will you do nothing for us ?

Oh, my friends ! I cried : is it true that this is no dream ? I thought myself yet in the frightful dungeon, in hideous darkness. Alas, every day I saw you there---approach me all---all---all. Let me embrace you. Let me assure myself---are you there *Oton-*

ron ?

you? You pardon me our friendship, do you not? Ah! cried *Otourou*, shall I pardon you that which is the happiness, the charm of my life?

Such was the delirium into which this unexpected scene had hurried me. It was dissipated but slowly. The caresses, the tender cares, the tears of my friends did but serve to feed it. Ah! annihilation of reason! Delightful and cruel condition! At once the spring of piercing delights and of agonising pains!

Let our situation be imagined. An innocent man, in the depth of misery, surrounded by friends, who had each of them blindly laboured to widen, to sink deeper the gulph into which he was plunged: who had all beheld the injustice which dragged him to the pre-

precipice, and had no arm to snatch him from the brink. My sight was a wounding reproach to them: yet had they strength of mind to support it. What say I? It was become more precious to them---their only comfort.

Ferdinand---and who would not have a heart like that of *Ferdinand*---*Ferdinand* was the cause of our present wretchedness. His father had been assassinated. His filial affection was eager to discover the perpetrators of this deed. The little knowledge he had, as to this fact, he had learned from *Honorio* and *Bruno*, who gave it him as they received it from me. He ran, then, to give information to justice of the murder of his father, committed by two unknown negroes. The ministers of justice proceeded to the place where *Urban's* corpse lay; and the domestics, of the
plan-

plantation and those of *Theodore* were interrogated. All, attracted by curiosity or their duty, had been witnesses of *Urban's* last moments; and all agreed in deposing that he had, in dying, pronounced only two words. Fatal words! which resentment and gratitude had unquestionably caused, and which death did not permit him to explain.

He had been placed on a bed. He was nearly without sense. The eager cares of *Theodore*, his reiterated questions, recalled him for an instant to himself. He opened his mouth. All were hushed to hear him. With a faint, broken voice, he uttered these words : Two negroes---*Itanoko*---He would have continued. His head sunk; his eyes became fixed; he expired.

Such was the unvaried purport of all the depositions. One of the domest-

tics alone added that, during the night, while he was occupied in tending the horses with which *Theodore* had just arrived, he had perceived a negro whom he did not know, and who appeared to run toward that place where the assassination had been committed.

This negro was *Otourou*. The equerry acknowledged that he had been the author of my flight; and, that, judging by the time of my departure and that in which *Urban* had arrived, it was improbable that I should not have encountered him.

A diligent search was, then, made in the plain which *Urban* must have crossed in his way to the plantation. At length the spot of the murder was discovered, and the cutlass and torn handkerchief were found stained with blood. The overseer swore that he had seen the former in
my

my possession ; and a negro woman deposed that she had washed the handkerchief frequently for me. The evidence was sufficient to convince the administrators of justice that I had committed the murder. They immediately issued a warrant to apprehend me and my accomplice. But this accomplice was not known. *Otourou's* avowal at the house of *Bruno* that he was my comrade was quite enough for the officers, and they thought themselves authorised to involve him in my misfortune.

The anguish, the terror, of *Ferdinand* when he was informed of these circumstances may easily be imagined. He would have given a world to have suspended the proceedings (for not one moment did he doubt my innocence) but it was too late ; and while I, with *Bruno*, was

congratulating my heart on his return, this unfortunate friend stood with his eyes fixed on the the scaffold on which he saw inevitable death preparing for me.

Thanks to my worthy friends to have judged me by their own hearts alone ! Yet was every appearance against me ; an incredible chain of events ; an impenetrable concurrence of circumstances ! I had no defence but an irreproachable life, and an immovable love of truth. Advocates which a prejudiced world laugh at, and which the law little consults. My friends believed their testimony : my friends had the courage to repel falsehood clothed in the robe of truth. Valuable example ! Be it never forgotten ! Already, perhaps, has as much innocence fallen a victim to deceitful circum-

circumstances as has been sacrificed to the errors of legislation.

Ah ! let the good be assured that virtue is no chimera ; that there is an eternal truth which connects some hearts together, by an invifible chain, and communicates an intellectual language which expreffes to them alone the fecrets of each other's confcience.

The hour compelled my friends to retire : yet not till their generofity, their goodnefs, had reftored confidence to my mind. Reason had refumed her dominion, and I was found capable of fufstaining the detail which I have juft related.

Still, however, my condemnation feemed inevitable. Two negroes had affaffinated *Urban* ; but they were un-

known, and what should lead to the discovery of them? In the rapidity with which the fatal circumstances had passed, scarcely did I observe the features of these negroes; and should they be presented to my view it was not probable I should know them.

Otourou and I were now alone in the prison. He had appeared to yield, less than any other, to the tender sentiments with which we were agitated. I knew his character and I was little surprised; but another idea alarmed me. I feared he would consider the tenderness with which my friends had spoken to him as the effect only of their regard for me; and that he would feel all the dreadful severity of his condition to which he was exposed by his friendship for me. But I deceived myself. He was incapable of this reflection. The truth

truth is, the fullen harshness of his conduct sprang from the prejudices of his education, which his mind, elevated as it was, had not yet subdued.

See then, said he, as soon as we were left alone, to what we are reduced? Neither innocence nor friendship can rescue us. Ought we to endure the shame which is preparing for us? We are the most unfortunate among men: shall we not be the most despicable too by receiving from the hands of the executioner that death which we can yet administer to ourselves with our unpoluted arms. Our glory is yet entire: let us not now stain it by shewing ourselves without courage. Let us die and disappoint the injustice and cruelty of European men. Let them learn, once at least, what the negro can do, whom they oppress. Let our bloody

carcasses announce our disdain of them: ah, let us have some vengeance !

Little did I expect this discourse. It rushed like a tempest on my soul. Scarcely could all my powers resist the temptation. Honour was most precious to me ; opprobrium, most terrifying. The fire of my disposition was roused. The voice, the exhortations of friendship, almost irresistible.

Otomon waited for my answer. While contending sentiments are in fierce conflict in the mind, which of them can break into expression ?

Long was the silence. At length, virtue gained the ascendancy. The death you propose, said I, would save us from the scaffold ; but can we justify it. In dying by our own hands, or by
those

those of the executioner, the dishonour is equal if we leave behind a polluted reputation. Of what import, said he, is the opinion of men after our death? Shall we be zealous to live with honour in the remembrance of men who have not the virtue to disdain injustice, nor the wisdom to frame laws which falsehood cannot surprise? It is chance alone which plants glory on the tomb of man: chance alone saves him from the condemnation of other men.

But, said I, it is necessary that I preserve my own esteem; that I die pure. —“And who more so than we?” —“Were our life a series of virtuous efforts a voluntary death would efface them all; and we should die involved in the greatest of crimes.” —“What say you? crimes!” —“Yes: we should be guilty of injustice to the supreme

Author of our being. We are entrusted only with the use, and not with the property, of life. We cannot have it in our power to dispose of that which we had it no way in our power to acquire. We should be guilty of injustice to men. We owe to them our succours during the storms of life. They are entitled to our counsels, our examples, our affection. To deprive them of these, by our voluntary death, is to deceive society ; and to fly from the discharge of a debt which we contracted in the cradle, and have increased in every instant of our life. See what you propose to me ! To be criminal toward God, toward men, toward ourselves ! What, then, would become of that purity with which you ought to appear in the presence of the eternal Being ?"—“ What need was there, then, to engrave on my mind the ideas of honour and disgrace, since I
must

must disdain the former, and submit to the latter? Why have I received vigour and fortitude, since in the instant in which I most need them I am forbid to employ them?"—"The only honour is to obey the dictates of virtue: all beside, the only disgrace. Vigour and fortitude were given to you, to subdue, or to support, misfortune; not to fly from it. But, tell me, how would you regard the man who, to relieve another from a pressing evil, would rather slay than console him?"—"As an abominable assassin."—"You sit in judgment on yourself."—"What then is my consolation?"—"Have you forgot your innocence?"—"Still opprobrium!"—"It belongs only to the slave of his passions. The man who resignedly mounts the scaffold, with innocence and constancy, is among the first of men."

I had frequent occasion to recur to these arguments to persuade *Otonrou*; and, perhaps, I might not have succeeded had I not been earnestly seconded by the zeal and abilities of *Bruno*.

Meanwhile, the faint hope, which had been entertained by our friends, decreased as time advanced. I perceived it visibly in the countenance of *Ferdinand*, who every day became more dejected, notwithstanding the efforts which he made to conceal his trouble from us. My soul, on the contrary, gathered new strength from day to day, and I began to contemplate death without emotion. Religion, philosophy, innocence, the little happiness I had ever experienced on the earth, removed all the bitterness of the approaching moment. Yet, sadly did the condition of *Ferdinand* afflict me; one day, that

Honorio

Honoria was absent, that *Otourou* had quitted us for repose, and that *Bruno* had not yet appeared, I took his hand between mine, and pressing it tenderly, Ah, said I, how unhappy am I to see you thus! Alas, I shall cause your death. But why do you endeavour to conceal your sorrows from me? They are frightful, said he, you conceive not all the extent of them. You forget that *Urban* was my father (7). What fatality has ordained that my race should be so destructive to you! My father loaded you with evils, and when his unjust hatred was suddenly extinguished in the feelings of gratitude, he dies, and his son steps in his place to conduct you to the scaffold. Cease, said I, to outrage your virtue. You have done only what it was your duty to do. My misfortune was not your crime. Pity me; but do not accuse yourself.

The

The respect that is due to the memory of a father said *Ferdinand* becomes my excuse ; and I know you too well to doubt your receiving it ; yet, could I even save you, never should I forget the miseries which I have already caused you. What then, shall I now do ? When hope has fled, and when your death. — Ah, *Itanoko* — your death becomes unavoidable ? What shall I do when, through me, shall be shed the blood of the innocent ? Your judge, informed by me, laments your fate ; but in vain. I thought that by desisting from my prosecutions you would be free. It is of no avail, said the judge to me, the vindictive public must be avenged. The law must have its course.

He rose, and retired to the further part of the room, and I was about to follow

follow him ; but I had no new consolation to offer him, and I sat down without a word.

There is yet one way, said he, returning to me, but I know you, and I have not courage to name it.—
 “ What is it ? ” — “ There are but two men which guard you, I may with gold ” — “ I understand you ; but let us not entertain the idea. Whatever may be the consequence to me, it is my duty to save you from a weakness. Oh, my friend, remember the seducer is guilty of the crime committed by the seduced. And what would you thus preserve for me ? A life stained with reproach ! Is not an innocent death preferable ? Virtue and friendship are my sole happiness. By living, I must forfeit one, and become unworthy of the other.

other. Some few days longer life does not deserve the sacrifice."

A considerable time had now elapsed since the day on which *Otourou* and I were apprehended. Out of respect to *Ferdinand*, the judges had hitherto delayed to pass sentence; but they were compelled to place bounds to their complaisance; and our friends could no longer reasonably flatter themselves that it would be extended any further.

The fatal day was at length named, and we were soon to hear the sentence of death pronounced. *Honorio* and *Ferdinand* had the sad office to inform us of it. *Bruno*, during four days past, had not appeared. His absence astonished us all. Whither is he gone? said I, to *Ferdinand*. *Ferdinand* could
not

not tell me. The cause of this strange conduct was hid in impenetrable darkness. To abandon us in this last moment ! To expose *Otourou* to his attachment to a voluntary death, which still combatted his better reason ? It did not accord with the compassion, it did not accord with the religion of our venerable old father.

What a day was that which preceded the morning appointed for our execution ! My soul was tormented with the most harrassing incertitude which increased with each sound that announced the flight of another hour. I shall cease to exist, said I. What then ? Is this so great an evil ? What have I seen upon the earth ? Injustice, avarice, discord, oppression, and revenge ! Millions of men associated together by consent, divided by interest ; ever encountering,
yet

yet flying each other without ceasing! Misfortune oppressing the greatest virtue; and slavery the lot of almost all! Such is the world! Deserves it to be regretted by reason?

But whither do I go? continued I. Profound obscurity! Impenetrable abyss! To-morrow, wilt thou devour me!—Ah, rather, to-morrow, my soul, with a rapid flight, swifter than an eagle's wing, shall mount to the abode of peace and felicity! Let me not now renounce the distinction I have been taught between good and evil. Since the tender years when *Dumont* led me by the hand have I not felt its sacred truth, and has it not elevated my mind, when all beside conspire to depress me? No: I cannot doubt; I go to find my God! I go to see him sitting on the throne of eternity!

In

In these moments I scarcely felt myself connected with the earth. The gentlest passions came to tell me that I still existed ; and the sighs of *Honor**ia* and *Ferdinand* drew me from my deep meditation.

Oh my friends, cried I, you afflict yourselves ! A little sooner or a little later, must we not, sometime, have separated ? Alas, it costs me as much as you ! I have loved you very tenderly. *Honor**ia*, *Ferdinand*, many negroes live subjected to your laws. While they serve you, sometimes think of the unfortunate *Itanoko*. Your virtues and my remembrance shall soften their hardships. What have I received from nature which they do not possess ? Ah ! esteem my unhappy countrymen as your children ! It is an heritage which I bequeath them ;

them ; and it shall be more precious to them than a world : for it shall protect them from injustice. May all Europeans, for the happiness of Africa, one day resemble you.

And you, model of friendship, my dear *Otourou*, forgive me your death : if I had possessed the treasures of the universe, you should have partaken of them. I have had nothing but misfortunes to divide with you.---The portion is dear to me! cried he : throwing himself into my arms.

Honorio and *Ferdinand* could not answer. Their oppressed hearts furnished them only with tears. What a situation ! What a moment !

But *Bruno*, said *Otourou*, *Bruno* : he does not come near us ! My unfortunate

nate

nate friend, more firm than I, had supported the awful sentence of our death, with much more resolution. Yet was his sacrifice greater than mine. He was even then in the enjoyment of one of the sweetest instants that can arrive in the life of man. Left in his cradle, without a parent near him, death was now announced to him while he was yet in the arms, yet listening to the voice, of a long lost father. And all knew this except I. Delicate sensibility had hid it from me; it was not added to sharpen the bitterness with which I reproached myself for his misfortunes, and which I imputed only to myself. Alas, I might have died without knowing all the strength of which friendship is capable!

I took the hand of *Ferdinand*. Yet one request more, said I: but promise
me

me to grant it. Ah command ! said he, and do not request ! Every word you speak is sacred to me. You know, said I, what *Lumont* has done for me ; and gratitude will soon be no longer in my power. I hope he lives yet : exert your friendship to find him : his old age will have need of consolation : I can give him none :---Ah, find him---find his suffering daughter---tell them---ah God, my tears!---they are the last which love shall cost me.-- *Honorio* receive them to your friendship : to you I present them---the dying *Itanoko* presents them. Alas ! but for your---brother---pardon me---I wander : my afflictions render me unjust and cruel. I have pierced your heart, but I did not wish it.

I swear, cried *Ferdinand*---No it shall be my care, said *Honorio* : He shall

shall be my father: she shall be my sister.---I am satisfied, I cried: I die contented.

The day wasted apace, and *Bruno* did not appear; I burned to see him, and the impatience of *Otourou* yet exceeded mine. From the time that we were suffered to remain together, in the same apartments of the prison, the old negro, whom I had seen at *Duménil's* house, (the ancient companion and friend of *Bruno*), had seldom been absent from us. *Bruno*, I have said, regarded him as a brother; and it was he whom he had sent to bring me back on the arrival of *Ferdinand*. *Bruno* had presented this old negro to both *Otourou* and I on his return from his unsuccessful search; and now he was present with us, and this good man seemed to feel all our sorrows. The absence of

Bruno

Bruno confounded him still more than it did us ; and I besought him to go to his house, and see if we could gain any tidings concerning him.

The old negro soon returned, but with no intelligence of *Bruno* ; he had not appeared, and every one in his house was vainly conjecturing what was become of him.

We must die then without seeing him, said I with grief. *Ferdinand*, carry him my last adieu. It had been more soothing to me to have embraced him ; but this sacrifice, too, must be made.

Night arrived, and the jailors entered to inform our friends that it was time to withdraw. I called together all my powers for this last farewell. I
did

did not doubt, indeed, but they would come to see us in the morning; and wished to spare them the anguish of a formal separation. I took the hands of *Honoria* and *Ferdinand*, and pressed them to my heart. The silence of grief reigned over us: I withdrew a moment to recollect myself.

Otourou tendered his arms to them, and they embraced him with compassion, yet with more admiration. Ah! thought I, this dreadful silence cannot be endured! My friends, I cried, casting myself at their feet, to-morrow the idea of death may not leave me master of myself. My mind is yet collected---let me not lose the last, the dearest of your benefactions. I am at your knees: you are the parents which your religion---my religion---has given me. I am your friend---your son---give me your benedictions---

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K

I could

I could not conclude. My heart dissolved into tears. Alas, cried they, dear and unfortunate *Itanoko*! Our benedictions shall ever accompany you. I am content, said I. Shall I again embrace you?—Thus then : the last time—My soul will not endure more—Adieu---Adieu for ever!

I made a sign to the jailors. They separated us. I turned my head. They left the prison.

The moment which succeeded froze my faculties. I thought my blood would have ceased to warm my heart. An universal trembling followed : I felt all but the shock of death.

The good old negro had obtained permission to pass the night with us. When the jailors came to fasten the door of our apartment, I said to them :
you

you have seen that I bade a last farewell to my friends. Their love will lead them back to-morrow : do not suffer them to approach us. You will spare them a mournful spectacle ; and you will give tranquillity to our last moments. They promised to comply with my request.

Otourou retired with the old negro into the neighbouring chamber ; and, as I heard them converse in a low voice, I would not interrupt them, but threw myself on the earth, and remained some hours prostrate before the God of mercy. He compassionated my weakness. His goodness penetrated into my heart. He dried up all my tears. I arose confiding in his mercy, in his justice.

Toward midnight, I felt myself strongly solicited by sleep. I softly

approached the door of the chamber. It was open. *Otourou* was on his bed, and seemed earnestly engaged in listening to the old man who, on his knees, before him, seemed eagerly to address him. I withdrew and threw myself into a chair to take some repose.

My eyes closed for some minutes, but it was rather a species of weakness than of sleep. The bell sounded one: I shuddered. Eloquent and terrible hour! said I. Funeral forerunner of our departure!

I again essayed to repose, when I thought I heard some noise. In the stillness of night the slightest sound is swiftly seized by attentive grief. I listened, and soon distinguished the distant grating of bolts. One unfortunate being more! said I. The noise hastily approached. It came to our door. Ignorant

norant of the hour that was to be our last, I thought they came to lead us to execution.---“Now my soul!---Come then :---I am ready !”

I stepped into the chamber to inform *Otourou*. He had heard the noise, and had risen to join me. Our door opens--- A woman enters----shrieks-----.

It is *Honorio*. Live !—Live ! my friends ! Come, said *Ferdinand* ; come, and see your deliverer ! He seizes my arm ; hurries me along ; runs ; I raise my eyes : it is *Bruno*.

Age enfeebled his step. They had advanced and gained the room before him. *Otourou* and I fell at his feet. Oh my father ! my father ! cried each of us. He has rendered life to us all ! said our friends. My children, said

he to us, it is too much—moderate your transports. He bent over us. He tendered his hands. Oh my children ! oh my friends ! said he, join with me to praise our God. He raised his trembling arms to Heaven——

“ Protector of the unfortunate ! Sovereign Being ! Thou seest thy work ! they live : let them increase in virtue, and I am recompensed !”

Scarcely had he finished, when *Otouron* arose and sprang from us in an instant. He returned. It was the good old negro whom he led by the hand. Behold ! said *Bruno*, embracing him--- Behold the price of all your kindness to me ! I restore——

Itanoko, cried *Otouron*, I had the happiness of partaking your sufferings with you ;

you ; partake of my joy ! Embrace the father of your friend !

“ Your father ! And have you hid him from me ? ” ----- “ Oh my friend ! Did you not suffer enough ? ” ---- “ But how ? ” -----

You shall know all, said the father of *Otourou* ; but our present moments are due to *Bruno*. We will not take any thing from gratitude.

We furrounded the worthy old *Bruno*. We carried him, as in triumph, to our apartment. We placed him in a chair. We arranged ourselves around him. Our jailors affected, astonished, could not quit us. They could not leave the moving scene. Fierceness had fled from their countenance ; and admiration had taken its place. What a spec-

tacle! Come blind pride! and compare your pleasures with those of *Bruno!*

My friends, said he, I understand you. You burn to know---but permit me a moment----Let my heart revel in this inebriating delight! He looked some moments on the interesting groupe. His lips trembled, his bosom heaved---The tears which furrowed his cheeks, the fire of his eyes, the involuntary emotion of his limbs, all painted his enthusiasm----all attested the felicity of a beneficent man: in fine, he looked up with an eye of gratitude toward heaven. And now we prepared.

Formerly, said he, less infirm, I from time to time visited the mountains which separate us from the Spanish inhabitants of this island, to soften the miseries

miserics of the unfortunate negroes, whom the inconstancy or rather the cruelty of their masters have forced to fly to that shelter. They all knew me ; I carried them some little succours, and that which was of more value to them the word of a compassionate God. My presence used to produce joy amongst them ; and they would assemble around me ; and I was wont to return content with having been able to solace them with at least one day of happiness.

During the two last years, sickness and old age have suspended these visits, which were a great delight to me ; and I had scarce a hope any more to see my poor negroes. It is five days since, that, quitting you at night contemplating your innocence and sufferings, I returned home lamenting the stroke under which you fell ; and supplicating

K 5

Heaven

Heaven not to reject the cries of the oppressed. My mountain negroes presented themselves to my thoughts; and a suspicion struck into my mind which it was not possible for me to stifle, and which I received with all the certitude of conviction. I instantly arose, and prostrated myself; and day surprised me in that situation. It required little to make me ready; and, without communicating my intention to any one, I began my route. You will suppose I did not proceed very quickly, and I could not travel my fifteen leagues in less than two days. I had no difficulty in finding my poor friendless negroes, for I knew their usual retreats.

What my father, cried I, expose yourself alone, at your age! My friend, said he, there is no age which has not its vigour, when the will is roused. But attend——

I arrived

I arrived at the mountains, and met some of my negroes. They recollected, and embraced me. Ah, my father (9), my good father ! Is it you ! said they. We thought you dead. I was much fatigued. The mountain is rugged, and they took me in their arms, and carried me into a grotto, which served them as an asylum during the night. As it was cold, they kindled a fire, and I eat with them some wild roots, which they presented to me.

The report of my arrival was soon spread, and I saw them successively arrive till the number was about fifty, who lavished their grateful caresses on me. When I imagined I had no more to expect, I demanded if they thought that all their companions were present. One of them casting his eye around, said, yes : we are all here, I can assure thee, there are no more within five or

six leagues. Then I fell on my knees; they followed my example, and we joined in prayer. Having besought God with a loud voice to bless them, to console, and not to abandon them, and all of them having added in concert that they pardoned the white people, I distributed the little succours which I brought them.

I afterwards sat myself down, and they placed themselves in a semicircle before me: and now I gave them a short exhortation adapted to their capacity and condition. This done, I spoke to them of the city, and led them insensibly to hear your history. They listened to me with that attention, that compassion, which the unfortunate man gives to other unfortunate men. During my recital, I anxiously observed their various looks.

Two

Two of them appeared to me particularly moved ; but they were silent. Several of the others said : How ! are they innocent, and must they die ? Yes, alas ! said I—nothing can save them but the confession of the two negroes, who were in truth guilty of the death of M. *Urban*.

One of those whose agitations I had noticed, said to me, good father, will you begin this story again ? I should be very glad to hear it once more. I complied with this desire, and, my suspicions being now fixed on these two, I gave a minute detail of the place, the time, and the circumstances of the assassination, so that they could not mistake them. When I had finished, I dwelt with earnestness on the chastisements which God had in reserve for the perpetrators of this deed, not only

to punish them for the crime, but also to avenge the blood of the innocent. I had no fear of overcharging the picture, and perhaps my feelings made me eloquent. When I had given a little time to the operation of remorse, and I perceived I had struck them with terror, I passed suddenly to the recompenses which are attached to a voluntary confession. I painted to them, with tears in my eyes, the awful, dreadful Judge of nature disarmed by unfeigned repentance, and blotting the crime from existence. Ah, my friends! cried I, see the palm which one generous effort will obtain! Behold the peace and the honour of the guilty restored! And what price is too great to purchase peace of mind? But even this, my friends, does not bound the recompenses of a munificent God. An eternity of happiness shall repay a momentary sacrifice!

Suddenly

Suddenly, he who had requested me to repeat the detail sprang from the ground and cried——Behold the hand which struck *Urban* !

I cried out aloud with extacy ; I arose, and threw myself on his neck. Ah, happy, happy mortal ! happy in exercising the greatest of virtues ! The other negro advanced ; and the whole assembly embraced them, congratulated their resolution, and thanked them as if each of them had been the friend of my *Itanoko*, of my *Otourou*.

We had not foreborn, said one of the two negroes, to have made the avowal sooner, had we known the danger to which innocence was exposed, by our deed. We inflicted vengeance : we were no assassins. We attacked *Urban* with arms in his hand. He took the
advan-

advantage of our sleep, tore us from our country, and plunged us into slavery. Death awaits us. Well: we will endure it. Your God shall not deceive us. He exists since there are such men, as you, on the earth!

Ah, my friends, conceive you all the rapture which I felt in this moment? I had saved your judges from a frightful deed of injustice; I had saved you from death; and I had led two souls to honour and virtue.

When the day appeared, the negroes pressed me to depart, and fly to the salvation of innocence; and the two unfortunate men were ready to accompany me. My children, said I, it belongs not to me to be your accuser. I have pointed out your duty. You shall have

have courage to perform it. Advance before me, and yourselves acquaint the judges with the whole fact. We will do all that, replied they; but we will attend you. You are feeble and have need of assistance. It is the only good we can do you. We now departed, and all the other negroes followed us as far as the fear of danger would permit. At length we must separate; and they turned back heaping benedictions on me.

I cannot paint to you their last farewell to their comrades. It was the voice of nature disdaining a crime, and triumphing in an effort of virtue! It was the national spirit that repulsed the members who disgraced them, and which caressed the heroes who constituted their glory!

The

The two negroes and I continued our route. Pardon, my friends, my worn out strength. It took me two days to perform my journey back. Alas the impatience of my heart made me suffer more than fatigue.

We arrived. They quitted me to attend the judge. On the way, I had not heard a single sigh from them, but they conversed calmly, and sometimes cheerfully, with me. Their countenance was serene, their heart without a murmur. I beheld in them the satisfaction of returning innocence and the triumph of virtue.

I passed sometime at home to take a little repose and nourishment; then, ran to the judge. They were yet in his antichamber. When they saw me, they said—All is done, my good father. My
tears

tears flowed in spight of me, and I embraced them with affection, with veneration.

May Heaven recompense you, my children, said I; and I left them to enter the closet of the judge. You have prevailed, said he; your friends are saved. I presume that you wish to see them. Here is my order. It will open the prison to you, at any hour of the night; but, charitable old man, how have you accomplished this?

I could not but satisfy him; and I recounted to him all that you have heard.

This miracle was worthy of you, said he, respectfully taking my hand. But that which will surprize you most is, that the manes of *Urban* will go unrevenge. How! said I. The truth, replied

replied he, deposed by these two negroes, is sufficient to save the accused ; but it cannot be admitted to condemn themselves ; and there are no proofs against them. *Itanoko's* evidence cannot be received, even if he should recollect them, having been himself tried for the crime. There is then only their own confession ; and this confession is destroyed by an axiom of the law, which says : *Nemo perire volet*. From the strange circumstances of this wonderful event, it happens that, even in their own confession, they find the recompense of an effort, just indeed---but painful to nature.

I quitted him and flew to *Ferdinand*. I found him with *Honoria*, both lost in mute anguish. I could only cry out, that you were saved ; and, without my giving any explanation, without their
asking

asking it, we ran here; and I have the sweet delight of beholding your felicity in the very place where your sufferings have so often wounded my heart.

It will be easier to imagine, than describe, the sentiments by which we were all agitated. *Bruno* could not moderate our transports. *Otourou*, his father, *Ferdinand*, *Honorio*, and I, successively embraced him. We all spoke to him together: we gave him no time to answer any of us.

He would have gladly returned our caresses, partaken in our transports, but his heart could no longer withstand the pressure of so many delights.

Our friends gladly would have had us, instantly, quit our mournful abode, whose bare aspect recalled to them all
that

that we had endured. But some formalities of the law must detain us yet four and twenty hours longer in the prison. We all needed rest; it was even necessary, to preserve our health.

Our friends, therefore, retired. How different this separation from that of the preceding evening !

The moment they were gone, *Otouro* folded me in his arms. Ah ! I shall see your happiness completed, he cried. *Dumont* and *Amelia* will be restored to us. And I, in the bosom of my dear father, inseparably near you, witness of the virtues of these amiable friends, I shall have nothing more to desire on the earth.

Oh my friend ! I answered, if this moment had regarded myself alone, believe me I could have regarded it
with

with some indifference; but to see you escape from a danger into which my friendship dragged you, to see you in the arms of your father, this is a felicity which cannot be supported with moderation. May your happy presage be realized! May the two persons, so dear to us, be united to us for ever!

But, continued I, let us talk of your father. What fortunate chance—I will not speak at present, interrupted *Otourou*, of the principle accidents of his life; they are connected with those of *Bruno*, and *Bruno* has promised a recital of them. Suffice it now to tell you, that having, at the age of five and twenty, been made a prisoner to the king of Galam, he saw himself separated, and that forever, from my mother. He was fortunate enough to escape; but, at a distance from his country,
having

having no knowledge of that in which he then was, he lost himself. A long time he wandered, ignorant of his course, and arrived, without any idea of where he now was, on the borders of the red sea. Some Arabs surprised him in his sleep, seized him, conducted him to Constantinople, and sold him to the grand visier.

It was there, continued *Otourou*, that he was first known to *Bruno*, and they have never been separated since. You have been a witness of his attentive friendship from the time that we were brought into this dismal place. This was but at first the effect of his humanity. God has recompensed him, by adding to it a more tender sentiment. It is about five days since that he only was with me in my chamber, and I was ignorant of what prevented
you

you from joining us. In one of these effusions, so frequent with the unfortunate, I named my mother, whom I had never seen. The name struck on his ear. Twenty times he made me repeat all I knew of the matter : then, yielding to the voice of nature, corroborated by circumstances which could not be mistaken, he caught me in his arms, and called me ~~his~~ son. Surprised, transported, already I ran to call you. My heart arrested me in my course : ah ! said it—respect his feelings ! this last stroke would be death to him ! I then concealed it from you ; and it is the only secret I have ever kept from my *Itanoko*.

Otourou continued : I leave you to judge of my father's extacy, his torments : what he enjoyed, and what he suffered !

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And

And now *Otourou* and I separated, each of us to deliver ourselves to repose. I endeavoured, but in vain, to sleep. My bed refreshed me; but I could not close my eyes. Like seas which are agitated by storms, and whose waves yet bear the marks of the tempest long after a calm has spread through the surrounding air, my heart, in which so many sensations had been fiercely contending, was still impressed with the footsteps of their devastation.

Otourou slept profoundly. I banished tranquillity by running rapidly through the past. He enjoyed it by yielding only to the gentle sensations of the present. Happily too for him, he had escaped love: that terrible passion, which renders misery more poignant, and happiness sometimes insupportable!

portable! If *Otouron* had known how to pardon an injury, chearful in the depth of misfortune as in the lap of joy, he had never experienced the torments of the heart: a thirst for vengeance was his only torture. Notwithstanding the happy events which now crowded upon him.—I knew *Otouron*—If *Theodore* had lived he would not have slept. *Theodore* was no more: he tasted all the delights of peace.

At noon, our friends came to call us. They had procured for us a more comfortable apartment, into which they conducted us. What a happy situation! We were as brethren whom storms had ship-wrecked and dispersed, and who have suddenly met after having despaired to see each other again. With our friends, was the good *Luménit* who would not be denied the

pleasure of accompanying them, and of beholding the most delightful scene that a delicate mind can enjoy. But what was my surprise to find the magistrate there who had interrogated me? I had only seen the judge: I now recognised the man.

We placed ourselves at table. Ah, how delicious the repast! Alas, long had our food been inundated with our tears! The purest joy, the most glowing friendship, made an ample reparation for all!

Our minds were relaxed, and a little event came, fortunately enough, to give us a moment's amusement.

The second service had just been brought in, when a servant informed the judge that a gentleman wished to
speak

speak with him. The magistrate would have stepped out for this purpose. No, said *Honoria*, you shall not take that trouble : let the gentleman enter---and she desired the servant to introduce him. We saw a young man elegantly dressed, who saluted the company with an air at once disdainful and polite. He then accosted the magistrate, who conducted him to the window to hear his business. We had replaced ourselves at the table from which we had risen to return his salutation. *Ferdinand* whispered to me, you have never seen one of those people, whom, in France, they call *Petit-Mâîtres* ; this is one. He is from the country which is, by prescription, the model of fashion. I looked at him and could not but smile. Never did I see attention so artfully divided. He gave an ear to the magistrate ; a half shut eye to the rest of company ; one hand to the adjusting of

his dress, and the other to the arrangement of his watch trinkets. His body did not cease a moment from action: he changed the position of his feet at every instant, to display, in succession, the elegant shape of his shoe, the brilliancy of his buckles, and the charming turn of his leg. His business finished, he approached the table, talking of indifferent things to the magistrate. Faith, sir, said he in a half whisper, there is no company which the presence of a lady will not render agreeable; but, gallantry apart, it is a company somewhat mixed. You are, said the magistrate, surprised to find me here---is it not so?---“Not precisely---but”---“But, there are certain people, sir, to whom I should say---these are unfortunate men, and they would understand me. To you I will say, that the negro there (and he pointed to me)

is

is the son of a great lord of his country, and the nephew of his sovereign. Come : join them, you will find them good company."-----" Oh, I have not doubted that a minute. High birth is seen with a glance. The happiest air—Sir (to me) I salute you. You will look at Paris without doubt. I shall set myself down for the honour of presenting you at court. But, how unfortunate I am ! I have quite deranged the company ! No ceremony—I fly !” He made an attentive bow to *Honorina*, gave a gracious smile to me, a sort of inflexion of the body to the others, and disappeared in an instant. The judge took his seat, and we all laughed at the folly of this young man.

After dinner, the magistrate quitted us with an assurance that we should be

free the next day. Ah ! said I to my friends, in the midst of you I did not think of liberty. I thought only of my blifs. Taste it, said *Bruno* to me, but as a wise man who relies not on its solidity. It flies almost in the moment that you have seized it. No one has experienced this more than I.

Ah, this is the instant, said I, to impart to us the story of your live. It cannot fail to be an instructive lesson. All joined their entreaties to mine. I consent ; said *Bruno* : as it may, at least, serve to amuse you. It is a tiffue of follies ; but you will not be surprised, since it is the life of a man which I am about to relate.

Birth, riches, honours, pleasures, love, these are the objects of men's felicity !

licity ! I was not an exception to the rule ; they were mine ; and you will perceive how fragile their base is.

I was born at Marfeilles of a family rendered illustrious by a commerce of seven hundred years, exercised without stain ; a nobility less shining than that of heroes, but surely more useful, and whose title is not sullied with the tears of humanity.

My mother died in giving me birth ; and, as I was the only fruit of their union, my father lavished the whole affections of his heart on me. Sufficiently rich, he quitted commerce, and turned all his attention to the care of my education.

Nature gave me a happy figure, the fiery character of my countrymen, their

swift imagination, and all the ardour of their passions. I would not have spoken thus of my capacity, did I not think it a homage due to my fellow citizens: know, then, I was altogether a provençal; and that is to say much.

At the time of my birth our commerce with the Levant was on the decline. The mean abilities of the consuls distributed in the sea-ports there was supposed to be the cause. The chamber of commerce at Marseilles cast their eyes on my father, as a person capable of repairing the evil. Such an honour interfered with his views, but the love of his country rose superior to his private wishes. He was appointed to the place of consul at Smyrna. The king confirmed the nomination, and he prepared for his departure.

Being

Being too young to accompany him, my father committed me to the care of a beloved friend; and, having taken every precaution which he thought would contribute to my happiness, he embarked for Smyrna.

My education was that of all the young men of my condition and fortune, that is to say, my talents were assiduously cultivated, and my morals neglected. They talked to me of virtue and religion, because they must talk of them; but they dwelt on my future riches, on the charms of my figure, and the honours which awaited me.

Thus had I false notions of every thing. I took reputation for virtue; enjoyment, for happiness; and glory, for my only aim.

L 6

At

At eighteen I was entirely formed, and was the inhabitant of Marseilles; that is to say, I was sufficiently corrupted. My father was eager to see me; and the curiosity of youth and yet more the respect paid my father's rank, which I flattered myself to partake, met his wishes. I was in haste to proceed to him. I departed, and was soon in his arms.

The novelty of every thing which was before my eyes, the honours which were paid me, the first impressions of filial affection, the pleasures, the luxury of our mode of life, these occupied all my delightful moments; and I passed six months if not happy at least imagining myself to be so.

One morning, carelessly walking without object or motive, I accidentally

ally entered the place where slaves are exposed to sale. A beautiful and elegant woman struck my sight. Her profound grief made an impression on my mind, which I had never before felt. Forgetting her chains, I approached her with all the respect that suffering beauty can inspire, and all the ardour of a passion which is but just enkindled. I entered into conversation with her. She informed me, in bad French, that she was an Hungarian and a Christian; that her name was W*** Ki; that she had been unworthily taken away by a merchant whom she shewed to me; and that she now expected, in wretchedness and slavery, the completion of her unhappy destiny.

Love embellished, in my eyes, the action which I was about to do, while
I thought

I thought I listened only to the voice of religion and humanity. I accosted the merchant, and he offered me this slave for five hundred sequins. I gave him some money as earnest, and ran home to bring the remainder of the sum. I returned, and gave it the merchant, led away the slave, and presented her to my father.

He had too much penetration not to perceive my motives, was too virtuous to tolerate my irregularities, but too weak to oppose himself to my pretended happiness. If this slave was of a distinguished family, as she herself had said, of pure manners, and of the same religion, why disdain ties which Providence seemed to have formed? Was he not rich enough to be indifferent as to fortune; and ought not my happiness to be superior to all other considerations?

derations ? It was thus that my good father reasoned. He wrote into Hungary. The intelligence which he received was to the advantage of *Elizabeth* ; and she was no longer regarded but as the woman destined to be my wife.

A profound dissimulation, a heart without principles but assuming all the appearance of virtue, an enormous ambition, all the arts of refined coquetry, these composed the character of *Elizabeth*. Such was the woman from whom I looked for the happiness of my life, and who was formed to be the torment of it.

I will not weary you with the detail of all that my passion employed to gain her love. Tyrannical in her caprices, she had the art to make me pass from
uncer-

uncertainty to despair, and from despair to hope. By turns haughty, gracious, cold, tender, I found myself after all my cares less certain of my fate than on the first day.

I had relied, for the success of my passion, more on my personal accomplishments than on the qualities of the heart, of which I knew not the advantages. The small-pox seized upon me, and in a few days I was at extremity.

Imagine my father's alarms. Every effort was made to save me. Art and paternal cares succeeded, and I was declared to be out of danger. But what was my condition! My face, formerly engaging, now scarred and hideous; my hand, which formerly ran with rapidity and grace over the strings

strings of the harp, now contracted by this fatal malady ; and, my whole person horribly meagre ! Behold the disgusting form which enclosed a heart that still burnt with love ! Alas, I thought I had lost every thing which can merit the affection of a woman ; and the happiness, which I placed in my personal attractions, passed away as a shade. I must now renounce, said I, the hope of being beloved : but the conduct of *Elizabeth* chased from my mind this terrifying idea.

Inexplicable woman ! She lavished on me, in my malady, the tenderest attentions. On my recovery, she scarce ever quitted me. She appeared no way disgusted with my aspect, but looked on me with eyes full of tenderness. I ascribed this to her virtue, and thus she became more dear to me.

I had

I had perfectly recovered; when the grand vizier, by order of the sultan, made a tour through the different cities of his empire, to rectify various abuses.

Ibrahim was an exalted man, a great minister, and the favourite of his master. With a dignified person, he was good, magnificent, generous; possessed all that could engage the attention of women, and merit the esteem of men. He was no longer in his youth, but the character of his physiognomy had rather gained, than lost, by years. Alas! he is no more, and I cannot yet refuse tears to his memory!

He travelled with Asiatic pomp; and, every where, attended him the honours due to the second person of the empire. At Smyrna, the most superb entertainments were prepared for his

his amusement, and my father was assiduous to exceed all others as well by the delicacy as the sumptuousness of that which he gave him. Regulated agreeable to the French manner, it could not fail to be delicious to *Ibrahim*, both by the taste and the novelty of the scene. Women do not appear in Turkey at public festivals; my father graced his with all the European women at Smyrna, whose riches or beauty could give splendour to the entertainment.

Elizabeth was not forgotten: my love embellished her with all that luxury or art could add to her charms; and my self love congratulated itself, in secret, to behold her the queen of her rivals.

Ibrahim, no less affable than great, obligingly laying aside oriental austerity,
mingled

mingled in the crowd at the ball; addressed himself with politeness to the women; conversed familiarly with the men; spoke to *Elizabeth*, (but without particularly distinguishing her from others); and did not withdraw till four in the morning: when he delicately assured my father that he placed a price on this entertainment superior to every other with which he had been honoured. I had my share in his attentions; and, the next day, he did not forget me in a magnificent present which he sent to my father.

He remained eight days longer at Smyrna, during which time I did not perceive the slightest difference in the conduct of *Elizabeth*. False, with immovable nerve, she preserved to the last the perfidious art which had ensnared me; and never had she carressed her
bene-

benefactor, her deliverer, her lover, with such tenderness as in the moment in which she was about to abandon him to despair !

In the evening preceding the day appointed for *Ibrahim's* departure, my father and I went to take our leave of him. He received us at his public audience. After the usual ceremonies, we retired, and I thought I had bade him an eternal adieu.

We returned to my father's house. *Eliz. beth* was unusually chearful, and this evening was delicious to my soul. I wasted my heart in love ; and, drunk with pleasure and happiness, I only quitted her to cast myself into the arms of sleep.

My sleep breathed the joy and tranquillity of my mind, and continued
long

long beyond the usual hour of my rising. I awoke; I looked at my watch: it was near ten. None of my people had yet entered my chamber. I arose and went out, wondering at this negligence. I saw consternation on every visage. I questioned: they answered me with stutters, but without giving me any information. My first apprehensions respected my father; and I flew to his apartment. He seemed to expect me. Tears were in his eyes. He pressed me to his heart, remained some minutes without speaking; then he said, my son, this hour calls for a little firmness of mind: yet, what lose you? an object unworthy of your cares! A despicable woman, undeserving the honour which you do her! Think no more of her! *Elizabeth* flies you—flies into the arms of *Ibrahim*!

Ah

Ah my friends ! Ah *Honor*a, *Ferdinand* ! You who know what love is—do you conceive my condition ? No : how should you judge of the agony of tumultuous passion, by the purity of your own joy ? Oh, what fearful thoughts succeed each other in the mind of a betrayed lover ! Nature, honour, duty, reason, are lost in the whirlwind ! Man becomes a tiger ! he would devour the universe : he would devour himself !

My father had pity on my feelings. His ardent affection tried every means which he thought could calm my agitation. Love was stronger than he ; and hope was still with me. I thought myself beloved, and imagined that force only had placed her in the power of my rival.

I wished

I wished to be informed of the particulars of this event ; and, in despite of the proofs of *Elizabeth's* perfidy, such was my blind attachment, that I still believed her faith unstained.

My people had found the windows of her chamber open, and a ladder of silk attached to the balcony. There was no trace of violence ; no cries had been heard, to mark her resistance. It appeared that she had fled with the dress in which I had so much admired her, on the preceding evening. But, beside, she had taken nothing of all that my fond heart had lavished on her. So little suspicion had any one of her flight, that it would not have been perceived till the usual hour of her women's attendance in the morning, had not the visier (who departed at midnight to avoid the heat of the day) dis-

dispatched, when he was at the distance of three leagues from Smyrna, an aga with a letter addressed to me. It arrived about six in the morning. My father received it and read it. He believed it not, till convinced by flying to the apartment of *Elizabeth*: instantly he forbade any one to speak to me of it.

Cruel letter! whose words were written in blood on my heart: nor have ever been effaced from it! Hear what they were:—

“ Young Christian,

Complain not of me; I have done you no wrong. It was for the happiness of man that the Omnipotent created this amiable sex, who are subjected to our will. We ought to be their protectors, not their tyrants. He has given us strength, courage, and

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virtue:

virtue : to them he has given the power of charming us, and the right of chusing a master. If *Elizabeth* has preferred me, you ought not to lament her loss, nor I applaud myself for the acquisition. Destiny has done all ; and her choice was written in the book of life before her charms had appeared to our eyes. The universe is open before you. For one woman that you lose, you may find a thousand. Young, accomplished, shew yourself, you will see them at your feet. It is our's to love them : it is their's to seek us. I send two thousand sequins. It is your property which I render you, and not the price of this slave : she is inestimable. May the right arm of the sovereign Author of all, the puissant Mahomet, shed upon you the perfume of his favours ! Adieu !

“ IBRAHIM, Vizier.”

The

The traitor ! cried I : his despicable gold shall serve my vengeance ! I will follow the villain. I will perish, or tear my unfortunate lover from his arms. My father, terrified by this rash idea, opposed it with paternal firmness. A deep melancholy seized me ; a burning fever succeeded ; and I was at the gates of death. He saw himself, at length, reduced to the necessity of sacrificing my life, or of yielding to the wildest design which could enter into the mind of man. He consulted my physician, who declared that my recovery depended absolutely on his compliance, and besought him to sacrifice prudence to his paternal tenderness.

My father flattered himself that the time, which my recovery would require, would so long delay my departure,

ture, that some happy circumstance might arise which would lead to a wiser resolution ; and formally gave his consent to my enterprize. But love, jealousy, revenge, wrought miracles. Before the end of a month, my strength was restored ; and, a barbarous son, as well as a delirious lover—I abandoned a weeping father to pursue an unfaithful mistress.

In order to be less liable to suspicion, I assumed the Mahometan dress and manners ; and, during an abode of two years at Smyrna, I had perfectly acquired the Turkish language. My unfortunate father, closing his eyes on my ingratitude—shall I say—forgetting his own duty, procured a commodious vessel for me, and furnished me with recommendations, and considerable sums of money ; the only means, in
his

his power, of lessening the danger to which I was exposing myself.

He conjured me to listen to the voice of prudence, and to be careful of myself, for his sake. He gave me his benediction ; and delivered me to my destiny, with the bitterest tears. Accompanied by two faithful slaves, I embarked with a favourable wind, and was soon far from Smyrna.

It is not from a man devoured by a profound passion that an account of the beauties of nature are to be expected. I saw with indifference, or rather, I saw not at all, the enchanting spectacle of the isles of the Archipelago. These smiling coasts, on which the ancient Grecians erected the temple of voluptuousness ; their delicious views, the incense of their enamelled valleys,

M 3 of

of their forests of myrtles and roses,
the pureness of their unstained skies,
moved not my senses ! My heart, my
soul, my mind, knew only *Elizabeth* !

At length, without my perceiving
it, we approached that superb city
Constantinople—the eternal monument
of the folly of *Constantine* ! A Prince
whom we have named great, and who
was so truly little. A mortal whose
weak mind was the cause of a world of
misery, and whose tomb is sanctified
by religion, while his memory justly
claims the disdain of posterity.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

(1) THESE habitations, says the Abbé *Prévôt*, resemble the dens of wild beasts: their beds are made of hurdles, and seem calculated rather to wound and bruise the body than to procure repose; and their whole utensils consist of some calabashes, and some small dishes made of wood or of clay. The labour of the negro, continues the Abbé, is almost incessant; his sleep extremely little; he receives no salary; and is punished, for the slightest fault, with twenty severe strokes of the whip. It is to this fatal condition that the colonists have reduced men who do not want capacity, and who cannot be ignorant how necessary they are to those who treat them so cruelly. Vide, *Etablissement des François dans l'Isle St. Domingue*.

Neceffary ! Ah barbarous colonifts ! It is to thefe men that you owe thofe tons of gold which you idolize fo much ! Ungrateful men ! Negroes gain you incomes of many thoufands a year, and you treat them like dogs. A horfe, trained for the courfe, gains you a hundred louis d'ors ; the animal is careffed, crowned with laurels, and led in triumph ; and, while you fcarcely allow a negro, whofe ftrengh and life are wafte in amaffing treafures for you, a little rancid fifh for his nourifhment, the horfe, who procures you the money that he fhall lofe you to-morrow, is rewarded for the fatigues of a few minutes by biscuits fteeped in the wines of Champagne !

In England, humanity is extended to the animals which are deftined to the flaugther houfe. Famifhed dogs are not permitted to anticipate their tortures. Yet, the negroes of the Englifh colonies are ftill more unfortunate than thofe of the French. But thefe negroes poffefs the fame virtues. During

ing the last American war, a negro, belonging to Colonel *Langdon*, followed his master in a painful march ; seeing the colonel almost overcome with fatigue, he said, *Master, you suffer great deal, but you fight for liberty : me suffer too with patience, if me have liberty to defend !* The colonel gave him this precious gift on the spot ; and he has not since had a more zealous defender, a more disinterested friend, or a more faithful servant.

There is no example of a negro having returned ingratitude for the gift of liberty. They are not, however, ignorant that you only restore that of which you had no right to deprive them. Who can see, without shedding tears, the honest James (the negro whose anecdote is every where known) approach the beneficent Quaker who had just enfranchised him, and hear him say : “ Give me thy hand, generous man, that I may place it on my heart, that this may be the first act of that liberty which you restore to me !”

Oh Englishmen! Oh philosophic people! Make an effort which is worthy of you; preserve the ancient right which you have acquired to give the example of great virtues. Ah! what is this effort?---To remember that negroes are men.

(2) *Otourou* was right. The contradiction is strange. You conduct a negro into Europe: he is a slave when he quits the American isles; he is free when he arrives in France. You lead him back to America: he becomes a slave again. What charming sporting with the liberty of men! But acknowledge that, by this, you proclaim the little right you have over the persons of these unfortunate people. If your title, to hold them in slavery, be just---they must remain your slaves every where: if it be false, they ought not to be such in any place.

(This note belongs page 94, line 10.)

(3) From whence arises this prejudice? How! shall all the nations of the world be admit-

admitted to the honour of allying themselves with the proud Europeans, excepting negroes alone ! Have not the families of the *Hidalgos*, in new Spain, reckoned with pride *Montezuma* and *Atiliba* among their ancestors ? Shall we find in the Molucca or in the Philippine islands a single house, the descendant of Europeans, whose blood is not mixed with the Malayans, and inhabitants of Java ? Have not the English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese, given Indian Bramins to their children for forefathers ? Is then Africa alone to be subject to your disdain ? Ah ! how has she deserved it ? You will tell me, the negroes are slaves. Who has made them slaves ?

It is true, that the power of reducing certain men to slavery has, by an error of the civil law, been reckoned among the rights of nations. But who are the men whom it deems thus liable to slavery ? Captives taken in war---An invention worthy of the ferocious Assyrians or the selfish Spartans---an

invention adopted by the Romans, that nation of tyrants who wished to see themselves the only freemen on the globe. Under the Emperor *Claudian*, that is say, at a time when Romans were depraved enough to glory in their baseness of mind, a decree of the senate gave permission to freemen to sell their liberty. *Charlemagne* imposed servitude on entire nations. The feudal system has, during two centuries, loaded the fertile countries of Gaul with injuries : a slavery that was the sorrowful vestige of its savage conquerors. But all these sorts of slavery have disappeared. Reason has insensibly destroyed them ; and, detestable as they were, they acted under the sanction of supposed rights and received prejudices.

The right, which you claim of making negro slaves, is without the support of title, without the melioration of excuse. You sail to Africa ; you are sure of finding weakness there ; for, every where, man is weak ; you dazzle the inhabitants with your gold ; you
allure

allure them with your merchandise. The sight awakens their passions. The father shuts his heart to every tender sentiment : he is animated by sordid interest alone : he delivers his child to you. The sovereign receives from you the aliment of his pride and avarice ; and, to you, abandons his subjects. With you, the wife finds a recompense for her infidelity ; and she sacrifices her husband to you. These form a small part of this execrable seduction ! You avail yourselves of simplicity, sleep, drunkenness, good faith, candour, ignorance : of all the virtues and all the weakness of these people, to procure slaves who cost you nothing. If it were possible to unveil all the crimes committed by Africans and Europeans before an unfortunate negro places his foot on the vessel which shall transport him to America, there is not a face that would not be distorted with horror !

Now look on the rights which have placed this unhappy negro in your power---
seduction

seduction and robbery! Does dishonour then suddenly attach on this negro, born free? On all his posterity? And does an alliance with him, therefore, become infamous? Say, what has been his crime?

(4) Father *le Pers* and Father *Labat* represent the negroes as more stupid than even malicious. They are deceived. Has this error arisen from a want of observation; or rather, from the complexion of their character? Father *Charlevoix* has only copied the former, and his testimony adds not to the weight of either of them.

The negroes are far from being stupid; they are equally far from being vicious. They have received from Nature a discretion proof against every thing. Slavery, which corrupts all, has converted this virtue into a profound dissimulation. Their own secret, that of their friends, that of the master whom they love, sleeps forever in their heart;

heart ; tortures, even death cannot tear it from them. This disposition includes two qualities, which cannot be denied them, because, they are inseparable : greatness of soul, which elevates them above the influence of torments ; and fidelity, which fortifies them against seduction. They feign surprise, ignorance, astonishment, with an art that the most piercing eye cannot penetrate. Their laughter, their gesture, their voice, their eyes, all is in unison with their mouth, to deceive the sagacity which would draw from them the secret they would conceal. Hence, he who judges by appearances imagines he is authorised to tax them with duplicity. But it is not by the example of persons so circumstanced that we are to decide on the character of a nation. We must distinguish between constitutional vices, and the vices of situation. *Cain* slew his brother : jealousy and cruelty were the vices of *Cain*. God questioned *Cain*, and he became a slave ; because, he trembled under a power which he could not escape. *Cain* lyed to God : this was the vice of situation.

Every

Every species of slavery destroys integrity. The senate of Rome lavished incense on Caligula. Do you expect to see negroes, a hundred times more unfortunate than the senate of Rome, have a hundred times more virtue? Where fear reigns confidence perishes. Remove fear, and confidence will spring up again: till then, be not in haste to pronounce. Let us wait till the negroes, restored to themselves, shall have deceived us, before we tax their character with dissimulation. And a long time will be necessary ere we make the decision; for it is long before the traces of slavery disappear.

It is an age and a half since the negroes have lived among us; and we do not yet know them. Man in fetters, is no longer man.

But the negroes have been viewed in their homes, it will be said to me. In the cause of humanity, I shall scarce permit the Portuguese to be judges, whose observations,
yet

yet stained with blood, were made only to flatter the murderers of these people. Nor shall I refer to interested traders, whose mercantile speculations are founded on the disdain which they conceive for the victims of avarice. Let such men as *Buffon* go and observe the negroes in their native land, I shall believe their report. It requires philosophers to sit in judgment on unfortunate and unknown nations: till then, while I shall behold great virtues, even in the midst of chains, I shall feel that I ought to believe that these people, blessed with liberty, would have yet more virtues.

(5) Although the distance was fifteen leagues, why should not *Otourou* have thus performed it. Would not the freeman, inspired by friendship, be capable of efforts which are forced from slaves? When a colonist travels on horseback, negroes follow him on foot. One carries his parasol, another his sword, another his fusée. Does the
the

the fortunate European chuse to gallop? the wretched negroes must keep pace with him. Has he twenty leagues to travel? the negroes must travel twenty leagues with him on foot. It is true, that he will bate a little in the midst of the day. The reader will have the simplicity to believe, that this is with a view to give rest and food to his negroes. Not at all: he does not think of them. Whom then is it to accommodate? ---his horse.

And how do these negroes travel? with naked feet. Yes, with naked feet, for that is the mark of slavery. It is true that their heads, ears, necks, and bodies, are ornamented with gold, silver, and pearls; because that gratifies pride; but their legs and feet are bare, for that yet more gratifies pride.

See a rich colonist betake himself to mass, on a Sunday, in his carriage. Ten negroes are mounted behind. Madam, his spouse, goes also in a magnificent chariot. Who,
do

do you think, are placed behind to ornament it? Negroes. Not at all: ten tall negro women, with their caps flying open, their legs bare, and their petticoats-----I cannot describe them.

(6) Would it be imagined? a contractor of the hospital at Port-au-Prince (the most inhuman, as well as one of the richest of the inhabitants) has, among his slaves, the son of a king of a country on the coast of Angola.---And you monarchs of Europe! have you not returned, an hundred fold to this wretch, the blows which he has given to the son of a king---the son of a man!

(7) I know not how the children of certain people can use, without horror, the fortune which is left them.

Enter into the house of one of these dealers in slaves, before his departure for
Africa.

Africa. You find his room filled with trunks. Open them: what do they contain? knives, snuff-boxes, of the value of twelve-pence each, glass beads, and other trifles. The unfeeling trader takes in his hand one of his vile jewels; shews it you coldly; and says, without blushing, for this I shall have a negro. This negro will sell for fifteen hundred or two thousand francs. Thus his riches accumulate! He dies: his son becomes his heir. How is it, that his hands are not withered in touching the first crown of this fatal and bloody inheritance!

(This note belongs page 200, 2d line from the bottom).

(8) There is a mountain in the island of Jamaica which is called the black mountain, and which has received its name from the number of negroes who retire thither. These negroes have become so numerous as to render themselves formidable. The colonists

lonists dare not attack them ; and, at present, they form a small independant republic. Every year, deputies come, in the name of this little common-wealth, to pay their respects to the English governor. These ambassadors are treated with attention ; and suffered to return without molestation. What cause has deprived the English inhabitants of so many useful hands ? Oppression ! And the example becomes instructive. There is a line of Voltaire which ought to be engraven, in letters of gold, on the front of every palace in the American isles*. Read it :

L'injustice à la fin produit l'ind pendance.

ALZIRE.

* And why not the palaces of Europe ? T.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.